r 050 BURLINGTON

The North American Review

The Vanishing Jew

The Moment

Night, and a Fire on the Hill

Blows the Wind Northerly

Corsica

Exiles at *Le Nuage*

Fiction, Poetry, Departments, and Reviews

Volume 251/3 *May, 1966* *$1.00*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contributors

MARVIN BELL teaches in the Poetry Workshop at The University of Iowa. His poems have appeared in *Poetry, The Nation, The New Yorker* and elsewhere, and a pamphlet containing two "long" poems by him, *Poems for Nathan and Saul,* has just appeared in The Hillside Press series. The Stone Wall Press will issue shortly his first full volume of poems, *Things We Dreamt We Died For.*

ALLAN C. BROWNFELD, B.C.L., the recipient of a $500 *Wall Street Journal* award, has served in an editorial capacity with the *Houston Press,* the *Virginia Gazette,* and *Analysis.* His articles have appeared in *Modern Age, Human Events, The New South,* and *The New Guard.* He is editor of the *Virginia Young Republican Reporter,* and wrote speeches in 1964 for George Bush, Republican candidate for the Senate in Texas. At present he is "member of the faculty of St. Stephen's School."

VICTOR CONTOSKI lives in Wisconsin and frequently contributes to NAR.

R. R. CUSCADEN is a Japanese trumpet player from Chicago. His poems have appeared in the *Saturday Review, Minnesota Review, San Francisco Review* and other periodicals, and he is the author of *Poem for a Ten Pound Sailfish and other sonnets.*

Born in Rhode Island in 1924, H. E. FRANCIS is presently enjoying his third Fulbright professorship. He is now at the Universidad Nacional de Cuyo, Mendoza, Argentina, has taught at Emory, the University of Tennessee, and Penn State. He has had more than fifty stories published in England, France, and the United States. A collection of his stories, *All The People I Never Had,* will be published in Spanish translation in Buenos Aires this month.

HOYT W. FULLER, formerly Managing Editor of *Negro Digest,* has had his work published in *New Yorker, Midstream, Southern Review, Nation, New Leader, Book Week,* and this is his third appearance in NAR. During the present year, Mr. Fuller is traveling in Africa and Europe.

Resident in Canada, D. N. KNOX is the pen name of one who describes himself as "ex-campus editor now expressing his dissent against mass opinion in public print from time to time when his business . . . allows."

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON is a Ph. D. candidate in comparative literature at The University of Iowa. He has appeared in *Encounter, Transatlantic Review, New Statesman* and other magazines, and his first volume of poems, *In Transit,* was included in *New Poets 1959,* edited by Edwin Muir and published by Eyre and Spottiswoode. "Dust" appeared previously in *The London Magazine.*

RICHARD LLOYD-JONES is the director of undergraduate studies in English at The University of Iowa. His poems have appeared in *Poetry Northwest, Prairie Schooner* and other magazines.

JACK MATTHEWS has sold stories to many American, Canadian, and European magazines and a book of his short stories was published last year by Scribners. He teaches at the University of Ohio at Athens. *Night, And A Fire On The Hill* is the second of Mr. Matthews' stories to appear in NAR.

(Con't. Inside Back Cover)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is revived with the cooperation of
The Honorable Claiborne Pell, Senator from Rhode Island.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The North American Review

New Series: Volume III No. Three Old Series: Volume 251
May, 1966

CONTENTS

Contributors *Inside Front Cover*
Contents 1
Unloading Zone 2
The Fabulist 3
Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" poem *Warren Slesinger* 3
Pot On The Fire 4
Letters Never Mailed Department
Reluctant Duo The Yellow Dwarf
Unrequired Reading *BER*
Exiles at *Le Nuage* *Hoyt W. Fuller* 5
Blows The Wind Northerly *D. N. Knox* 7
Night, And a Fire On The Hill *Jack Matthews* 10
Three Poems *Robert Mezey* 12
Latent Symbolism, Archetypal Patterns and Socio-Philosophical Implications in Donald Duck *Ray Puechner* 16
The Vanishing Jew *Allan C. Brownfeld* 18
Ghosts a poem *R. R. Cuscaden* 19
The Moment *H. E. Francis* 20
Against Contempt Really a poem *Eli Siegel* 21
Namdaemoon a poem *David M. Widner* 22
Corsica *Charles Wright* 23
For My Sister Contemplating Divorce poem *Marvin Bell* 24
A Television Spectacular *Francis Murrary* 26
Home *E. S. Rock* 30
Ruminations While Tied to a Table a poem *R. Lloyd-Jones* 31
Dust a poem *Christopher Levenson* 32
Books 33
Down The Drain *Allan J. Wagenheim* 39

Staff

Editor:
Robert P. Dana

Managing Editor:
Bernard E. Richardson

Poetry:
Marvin Bell

Copy:
Geneva Meers

Staff Artist:
Hugh Lifson

Staff:
Dorothy Ellison
David Messman
Jerome Mazzaro
Audrey Borenstein

The North American Review, May, 1966. Old Series Volume 251, New Series Volume III Number Three Published bi-monthly in January, March, May, July, September, November. Publication, Editorial, and General Offices at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. $1.00 a copy, $6.00 a year in the U. S.; Canada and Latin America, $6.15; all other countries, $7.00. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed envelope with return postage. Printed in the U.S.A. by Economy Advertising Company, Iowa City, Iowa. Copyright 1966 by Cornell College. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Entered as second class matter at Mount Vernon, Iowa.

Back file volumes available from University Microfilm, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Subscribers must notify publisher of failure to receive within six weeks of date of issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLYPHEMUS BLINDED

Once Gemini zoomed into space, TV blurred to news commentators babbling like mindless manikins for hour after weary hour in fruitless efforts to sustain drama which had vanished with the rocket not to return until the bucking Gemini uncoupled from the reluctant Agena.

Once again, TV moguls demonstrated their infallible knack for goofing up the works. Ensuing complaints from bitter Batmaniacs were justified: Robin *is* more entertaining than tired reporters with nothing to say.

Who is to be faulted for such bobbles?

The viewer cannot be blamed. Everyone knows that the TV viewer has no voice in selecting the fare. One after another, semi-respectable programs are plowed under to ferilize time-slots for re-runs of re-runs.

Nor do performers have a say in the matter. Dime-a-dozen-pretty-faces do anything for their millions a year (plus residuals, of course).

Government agencies do not even recognize their functions, to say nothing of exercising their latent powers. An enraged public might bring some action if millions of insulted viewers used mad-dog tactics and nipped the heels of congressmen and FCC commissioners until they came to their senses. Alas, such a mass arousal is but a dream. Government will continue to stand idly by while the airways are polluted and the nation of TV watchers is perverted to the least common denominator. The spineless Federal Communication Commission historically refuses to function.

Blame for the incredibly low quality of almost 100% of TV fare rests squarely upon the flatheads of the moronic sponsors and network officials. So the alternatives for TV watchers are simple: turn off the tube or appeal to the reigning monarchs.

Begin with basics, build a case, present it to the crowned heads, then naturally, after it is turned down, appeal to higher authority. As there are few mortals more powerful than TV moguls, the Higher Authority will have to be God Himself, but, with the slightest bit of luck, He might work a miracle and restore sight to the blinded eye.

TV is a sightless Cyclops, a stumbling, bumbling, one-eyed giant, Polyphemus blinded and operating by touch, taste and smell instead of sight and hearing.

Inane programs and commercials pervert and deaden audience perceptiveness by implying that viewers can touch the tube's boobs, can taste the beer, can smell the body odor. In keeping with the unwritten production code of TV programming, sponsors and networks alike attempt to do the things the medium is incapable of accomplishing and of ignoring those areas where TV could excell. People can see and hear.

TV can reproduce sights and sounds with true fidelity. Out here in TV-land, we do not laugh at Lucy because we can touch her too, too, solid flesh, nor smell her (although most of the scripts *are* stinkers), nor taste her garish lipstick. We laugh because we hear her raucous voice and see her tortured exertions.

TV can reproduce sounds and sights with true fidelity.

But TV seldom does.

The world is full of sound and fury but TV almost insulates itself behind a curtain of gossamer and foolsgold spun in TV's own cocoonery. Reality is lost, life is a gaudy theatrical in TV-land. The present frame of reference has placed TV in the greedy hands of the investors and the entrepreneurs. By what divine right were the *public airways* decreed to a combination penny arcade and wall street? That is the first answer to be sought. That is the fundamental, that is the rock on which the appeal must be built.

While a core of intellectual giants builds that case, let us use their arched backs for stepping stones and blithely prance on to alternative programing suggestions for the moguls.

Assuming that TV becomes educational and a public forum, why not soar to the most vital issue of the day? Confront all of us with the raw materials of decision-making right in our homes. Then after the exposure, extract opinion.

TV can reproduce sights and sounds accurately; so, put the Viet War into every living room in America. A platoon of cameramen attached to every unit, audio engineers abounding with frontline squads, thousands of miles of film will be needed for true fidelity because that is the way wars are run—round the clock, day after day, week after week, month-in month-out, year after year. Put all this equipment and all of these experts where the bombs are dropping the thickest, where the blood is flowing the deepest, where the screaming voices are shrillest.

What ratings! What shots!

General Westmorland breaking his trigger-finger arm on the tennis court. VIPs cluttering the entire Viet Nam peninsula. Brass and enlisted men boozing it up in clubs and bars and shacking up with Oriental lassies. Panoramic shots of a hundred ocean-going vessels not able to ocean-go because they must loiter offshore for week

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after week awaiting the end of the unloading mess. $100,000,000.00 a day worth of American tax money rotting on wharves, filtering to merchants and making them millionaires, military cumsha artists syphoning off still more. And all this effort producing no discernible improvement in the condition of the barefoot man in the Vietnamese rice field.

What source material. What vivid shots! Broken bones. Shattered minds. Brilliant red blood spewing from fresh shrapnel wounds. The grayish ooze of splattered brains on the bellies of low-flying helicopters.

And TV can do it all in truer than life *color*.

After bombs explode in living rooms across the land and splatter blood and guts and destroyed brains onto the drapes and into the chips and dips, then let there be a brief interval for viewers to call their congressmen and voice opinion on continuation of the Viet War, opinion based on something more than reporters' pap or the calculated propagandic releases from State or Pentagon.

Of course, this unprogrammed interval could also be used to re-fill the chip dish or make a quick run to the bathroom.

PKF

The Fabulist

THE JUST LION

In a deep forest there lived a lion. He was king of the jungle and ruled with moderation and justice. All the beasts praised his goodness. He was kind to the smaller animals and saw that none of the more powerful beasts took advantage of them.

One day the powerful animals, the elephant, bear, tiger, and buffalo, held a meeting. "What is the purpose of our strength," asked the elephant, "if we cannot oppress the small animals? Let us set upon the lion and kill him."

Therefore they waited until the lion was sleeping and pounced upon him in his den. The elephant wound its trunk around his neck, the tiger sunk its claws into his back, and the buffalo thrust its horn into his stomach. Then they took the lion out into a clearing where the jackel and hyena ate the flesh.

"This is very instructive," said the elephant. "Let it be taught henceforth in all our schools that force is virtuous. He who stands alone is lost."

Victor Contoski

BERGMAN'S "THE SEVENTH SEAL"

The Procession

In detail and definition
like the edge of a medieval tapestry
where the types of the hierarchy stand in
succession
with their habits, postures and emblems,

the gestures of the figures on the border
are macabre.

On the rise of a wheatfield sun-sided,
white and wizen in the heat,
those in cloaks and cowls
bend and shake at Death's beckoning
like the wind in the wheat,

and wend in a harvest procession
in which each is a mime of the Reaper
and each is a mime of the reaped.

The Burning

It is not the movements of the soldiers
to and fro with whole armloads of brush
that they pile at the stake

while the unyoked oxen loll and browse,

it is not the sculpt and sunken mouth,
the bone of the nose, the deep socketed stare
at the edge of the clearing

where the trees stand at rank in the stillness,

but the girl around whose wrists gone limp
a rough rope is knotted and tied to the high-sided
cart
that has drawn him forth

when the mist spreads in the dimness.

Close by a branch is snapped,
and she beats weakly at the slats
with the wrack and pelter of a bird in a snare
flapping its feathers loose, and failing.

There is nothing alive in the wide eyes
that are filled with the forest and quiet

when the damp tree barks enters the dark.

Warren Slesinger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pot *on the Fire*

LETTERS NEVER MAILED DEPARTMENT

Arkansaw, Wisconsin
May 1, 1966

Signor Antonio Naddeo
Salerno, Italy
Dear Signor Naddeo:

You have been popping in and out of my mind with infuriating frequency since I read that Associated Press item in late February:

> "SALERNO, Italy (AP)—The priest asked Antonio Naddeo, 28 last Sunday whether he would take Concetta Savarese, also 28, in holy matrimony. 'Excuse me, I wasn't listening,' said Antonio."

For heaven's sake, what were you doing, Antonio? How absent-minded is it possible to be? Where were you gathering wool? Yodeling on an icey Alp, parching on a beach in sunny Greece, lolligagging on the banks of the muddy Tiber? And about what: food or drink, taxes, hunting or fishing? Sometimes I'd wager it was about a recently discarded mistress.

> "The priest repeated his question. 'I don't want her,' Antonio replied and walked out of the church."

This I can understand. You, Antonio, simply gave voice to the afterthoughts most bridegrooms do not get an opportunity to express in time to save themselves because they lack your facility to daydream.

> "Concetta fainted."

The only course of action open to her.

> "Distraught relatives revived her and persuaded Antonio to return to the altar."

What persuasion? A larger dowery? Or knots on your head, Antonio?

> "The priest put the question again and Antonio sighed and said, 'Yes.' "

That final "yes" turned the whole dramatic affair into a cheap scenario for a third-rate Italian movie to be shown eventually on the late, late TV in the United States. The climax does not interest me at all; however, your "Excuse me, I wasn't listening," provides endless material for my daydreams as I attempt to create imagery so vivid that it can blot out the veiled bride, the cassocked priest, the flowers, the assembled relatives, the packed church.

Perhaps a Salerno paper carried the UPI story datelined New Delhi, India — a story recounting the wedding of Rahim-Tul-Allah. "After being told that the bride's father would not present him with a $630 Rahim shouted, *'Tala a que'* (divorce) three times. Then he took off alone and on foot for his hometown 300 miles away."

Were you thinking of a motor scooter, Antonio?

Or were you merely dreaming of a platter of unsalted, tangled spaghetti?

Confoundedly yours,
Diogenes Jones

RELUCTANT TRIO

From a crafty old man in Hanoi
Comes quite often enough to annoy,
"My name is Ho Chi Minh,
By the hairs on my chin,
My ploy's not to annoy but destroy."

An inept premier in Saigon
Worships our Aid as an ikon.
Says cocky young Ky,
"A Swiss bank lures me,
From Saigon you'll soon find I gone."

The Yellow Dwarf
Middleton, USA

UNREQUIRED READING

"This is a book about stupidity, doltishness, muddleheadedness, incapacity, hebetude, vacuity, shortsightedness, fatuity, idiocy, folly, giddiness, desipience. It deals with the addlecoves, the witless, the weakheaded, short-witted, half-baked, shallow-pated; the vacuous, callow, anile; the lackbrained, muddy-headed, crackbrained, unballasted, balmy, and besotted. It intends to present a portrait gallery of the tomfools, simpletons, ninnies, boobies, noodles, numbskulls, noddies, goosecaps, zanies, dunces, dullards, numps, loobies, and rantipoles of yesterday and today. It will depict and analyze actions that are irrational, footling, nonsensical, silly, ill-devised, feeble-minded, imbecilic — and all the rest. What can be more characteristic of our mankind than the fact that Roget's *Thesarus* devotes six columns to the synonyms, verbs, nouns, and adjectives of 'stupidity' while 'wisdom' occupies hardly one? Folly is an easy target, and stupidity, because of its very nature, has served a as ready butt for satire and denumciation. Yet, again because of its nature, it has survived millions of direct hits without being in the slightest way the worse for them." So begins the first paragraph of *The Natural Science of Stupidity* by Paul Tabori (Chilton Co., 1959.) Try your local library for this one and relax with a most entertaining commentary on mankind's stupidity, doltishness, fatuity, vacuity, . . .

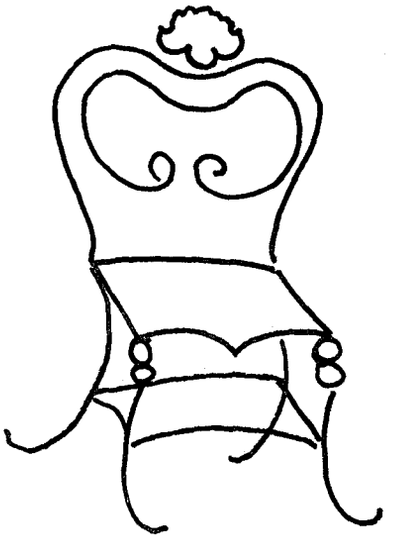
* * *

As long as you are in the library anyway (for the first time in several years), and because *The Natural Science of Stupidity* was probably stolen off the shelves months ago by a loyal library user, here is another and different approach to the recording of stupidity: *The Woman in the Dunes* by Japanese novelist Kobo Abe (Knopf, 1964). Using two common ingredients — sand and stupidity, and in a simple, straightforward style, Abe has created a dramatic novel.

* * *

BER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Exiles at Le Nuage

Hoyt W. Fuller

American intellectuals and writers have been making their pilgrimage to Paris for generations, and there seems little indication that the tradition will cease, despite the sometimes annoying hauteur and rudeness of the French and the fearfully high cost of comfortable living. Oldtimers around the city will point out still the hotel in Montparnasse where Ernest Hemingway lived, and the bars and restaurants where he and his cronies ate and drank. And while the old Cafe Royal in Saint-Germain des Près recently was replaced by Le Drugstore, a glittering, super-priced emporium which is just the opposite of what Walgreen had in mind, tourists still flock to the Cafe Flore and Aux Deux Magots across the street where Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, and Richard Wright lingered and argued following World War II. In the years since, a long list of American intellectuals and writers have taken up residence for periods of varying duration along the Seine or in the suburbs, and at least one superior magazine, *The Paris Review,* was founded principally by Americans.

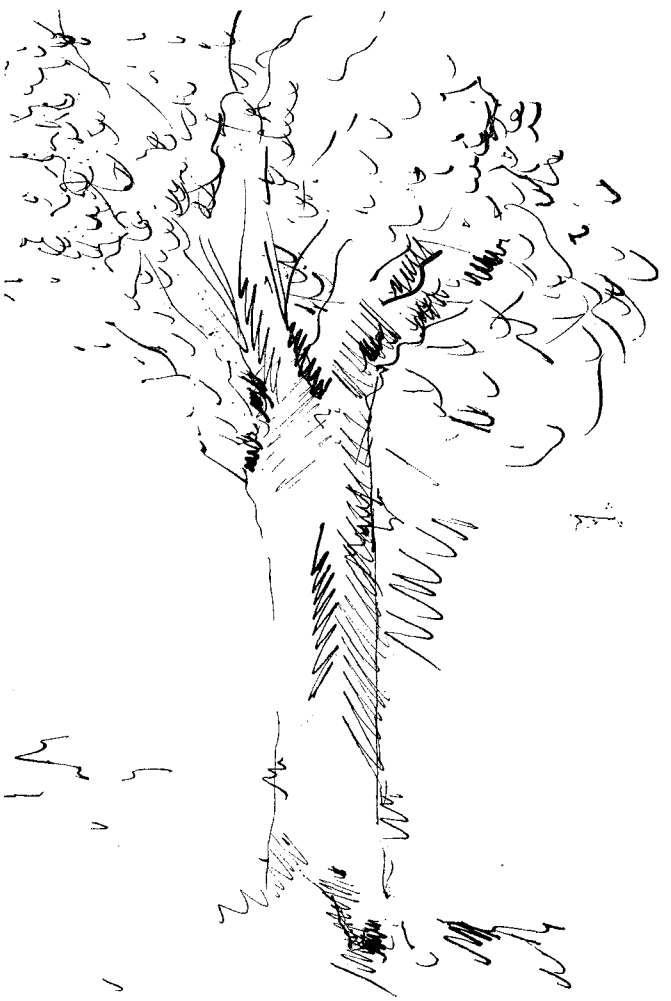
Although it seemed for a while in the Sixties that the fermenting American scene would provide all the inspiration and opportunity for involvement that any intellectual or writer could want, a growing number of the wholly committed, the Negroes, despairing of achieving victory in the war of race, are drifting off to Paris in search of the ever-elusive answer to the intellectual's question, "How can I learn to live in dignity in America?"

This new wave of expatriates has established headquarters at a dimly lighted *boîte* called Le Nuage, located just off the rue de Sèvres and around the corner from Le Drugstore in Saint-Germain des Près. Le Nuage is rather spacious for nightspots of its genre in Paris, having seating capacity for some 50 people, with a large bar at the entrance and a smaller bar at the rear of the long room. Its host is a handsome, professionally genial Negro (from Puerto Rico by way of East Harlem) named Juan Romero who, while militantly identifying with the Negro freedom movement back home, paradoxically advertises his island origins. Romero's lady friend is a French painter, and he writes poetry himself; so his good offices in support of the arts are not merely an opportunistic pose. Le Nuage's waiters are French, and so is the lady bartender in the rear. But the man in charge up front is a round-faced, smoke-black Senegalese named Malick whose imperial presence suggests the majesty of Africa. Le Nuage is profitably patronized most of the week, though it caters to the late-late crowd and does not begin to fill until midnight, and it overflows on weekends. The clients are mostly young, and French, and rich and famous people like Francoise Sagan drop in occasionally to listen to muted jazz (on records) and to add to the conversation and the excitement. The unnotable décor frequently is brightened by the presence of two strikingly lovely women: one is a half-Vietnamese from Bordeaux whose languorous beauty is in the Nancy Kwan-France Nuyen mold and whose knowledge of modern jazz and its practitioners might rival Nat Hentoff's; and the other is a sable-skinned Senegalese, tall, slender and as graceful as a swan, who enters the club, head high, brilliant robes trailing, to an audible chorus of admiration.

Through no effort on their part, the Americans manage to be the focus of much of the divided attention at Le Nuage, very probably for the good reason that they currently are most interesting. James Baldwin usually drops in on his frequent visits to Paris, and old expatriate Chester Himes was a familiar face there before he closed up his apartment in the neighborhood a few months ago and went north to Denmark. But most of the Americans at Le Nuage have names that only their friends and families back home would recognize. They include the slim and ordinarily plain little cocoa-colored singer from a town in Virginia who has blossomed into a sophsticated *chanteuse* under the loving encouragement of her French beaux, and the angular, cold-eyed and emotionally-wounded veteran of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee campaigns in Mississippi and Louisiana who soothes his wounds by "telling it like it is" to those non-Americans who even yet are baffled by the deep disparity between the American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promise and the American practice. There is the athlete-scholar from Atlanta now in his final months at the Sorbonne who feels so much frustration at having been out of the fight that he is impatient to join the fray and anxious to leave the city which he admits "gave me the richest, freest, and most broadening years of my life," and there is the young Tennessee Baptist-turned-Muslim (the orthodox kind) who believes, with much of Europe and Africa, that Malcolm X fell victim to a plot in high American places and that he has the duty to return to New York, conduct his own investigation, and write the *real truth* for all the world to read. In recent weeks, members of the cast of the two LeRoi Jones plays, *Dutchman* (*Métro fantôme*) and *The Slave* (*L' Esclave*), appearing at the Poche-Montparnasse, have discovered Le Nuage, and those who feel the young black actor out on the subject find that there is little to be differentiated between what he says on the stage and what he says off the stage.



One of the most articulate and, in a way, most typical of the new generation of Americans in Paris is a short, muscular Yale University drop-out named Martell Davis, son of a distinguished statistician from Washington, D.C. Whatever the capabilities of the other "writers" who frequent Le Nuage, Davis *can* write, and Esquire magazine offered proof a couple seasons back by publishing a long, rambling, extraordinary article by Davis which was a well-considered reply to another Esquire article by novelist William Melvin Kelley on the Ivy League Negro. The import of Davis' article was to deny the proposition that life on the campuses of America's most vaunted educational institutions provide the Negro student with any truly valuable experience and exposure which is not available to the average Negro anywhere in the country and to assert that, for all practical purposes, the experience and exposure is irrelevant. In rebutting Kelley, who had put in time at Harvard, Davis placed himself squarely on the side of the "radicals" in the continuing dispute between those Negro writers (Langston Hughes, Saunders Redding, Gloria Oden) who believe that middle class Negroes and their values receive short shrift from Negro writers, and those writers (James Baldwin, LeRoi Jones, Calvin C. Hernton) who believe that, the racial realities being what they are in America, middle class Negroes and their values are the cruelest of the many hoaxes perpetrated upon the race.

Soon after his article was published, Davis left Yale and, in his own words, "bummed around New York" for a while. Philosophically, he already was late for the SNCC army in the field, having little faith in the nation's will to change, and the Harlem riots and the city's (to Davis) cynical reaction to them subdued the spark of faith he had left. When the opportunity came, Davis made the journey to Europe, stopping off in Paris, and he is there now, struggling with his ideas and also with himself, trying to separate the intermingled problems and to emerge with a clear vision of Martell Davis in relation to the country where he was born and grew to manhood. "It started out as just racial discrimination," he said. "I suppose it always does. But then, you begin to really think about things, and to really see things, and you realize that it's much more than that — much, much more. All the things that are wrong are of a piece . . ." He paused, gathering his thoughts, speaking quietly, intensely. "You know, I'm glad I came to Paris. Being here has helped my perspective. Here you meet so many kinds of people, and you're *actually* exposed to other meaningful experiences . . . I'm writing again. For a long time, I couldn't write. But I'm writing again . . ."

It grows very late at Le Nuage, and the people still around as dawn begin to break make up small groups to go to breakfast and continue the conversation over coffee and croissants. One morning, one of the people still standing at the bar was a tall, pleasant-faced white American who is attached to one of the NATO organizations in Paris but who many of the Negro Americans suspect is an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency. "Be sure to invite him along," said one of the Negroes. "We don't want him to miss anything." The Negroes like to "put the man on," which means, roughly, to lead him up a shallow creek. It is a bitter, hard-headed, dangerous game they like to play.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blows The Wind Northerly

D. N. Knox

In the subconscious awareness of some Americans, Canada appears as one vast area of frozen vegetation. This, of course, is nowhere near the truth as a geographic fact. To Americans generally, and perhaps to others, Canada's national *personality* just matches that bush image exactly. How good it would be to be able to deny that with the same sureness!

But whatever else Canadians may be as a people, they are not any stretch a flamboyant lot. Critics call them colorless; friends, cautious; they themselves live comfortably in their own image as a middling moderate people, not insufferably "British" and certainly not stridently "Yankee." And if Canada is a nation of sobersides, the City of Toronto must stand nose above the rest as its most stolid representative. Like a Boston of middle-class Cabots and Lodges (with nary a Tea-Party in its harbor). "Toronto The Good" is its patronymic, and that descriptive term is entirely without sarcasm if not without a certain derision. It is a "sensible" place—the commercial center of the country with no excesses of urban "class" psychosis and the focal point of immigration with no ghetto complexes.

And a short season ago it was the scene of mob violence and a race riot!

It is true that the calm of Canadian life had recently been disturbed by certain ugly incidents in Quebec City and Montreal, but Toronto was attributing these to the peculiar patriotic malaise of Quebec "Separatistes," (and, after all, what can you expect of those wild French Canadians anyway?) Yet Toronto's own riot was on no large nationwide issue. It was not Anglo-Saxon vs. French, nor privileged vs. underprivileged, nor any matter of other than local concern, but it was an open clash of factions on a racial issue—sparked, in the first instance, by the claim of one group to the right to take its radical opinions on to the public streets and the demand of the other that the proper way to settle it was to crush the provocative demonstration in its tracks right there on the same thoroughfares. Here was a pattern, not unknown in recent North American history, the force and violence of which shocked this orderly city as it has never beeen shocked.

For marching or otherwise disporting on the public streets has never been natural to Toronto—at least not before the examples of civil rights demonstrations, coupled with civil disobedience, which have come blowing across the border from the no-so-Jolly Green Giant to the south. Of course the local organizations had their processions, like the hard-core Orangemen, but theirs was the essence of civility, if not dullness. Ah, how superior Canadians always feel about Americans who are such exhibitionists marchers—and how horrified at the Deep South where such degrading battles were enjoined between over-zealous crusaders and certain onlookers who actually did not seem to respect their fellow-citizens' rights to express their viewpoint in a "non-violent" public assembly.

But familiarity with assorted marchers parading down the center of television screens began to breed a form of acceptance (and what did it matter that a few beards had organized the whole thing?). Wasn't their cause good? (It was.) Wasn't the mass of public opinion on their side? (It was.) Wasn't all the blame for the "trouble" on the slouching shoulders of the few roughnecks on the sidewalks? (It wasn't).

The phenomenon of public demonstration first hit Toronto at the time when Saint Martin Luther King was defying the pleas of Selma's civic authorities to desist from his "freedom march" which was sure to foment disorder and lead to tragedy. With Toronto's University just along the road from the U.S. Consulate Office, what was more natural, and what more fun, than for the students, like their counterparts in Egypt or Indonesia, to stage a Sit-In on the building in protest against the American White South. And how handy it was that S.N.C.C. had a spare unit, with leaders imported from the battlefront, to help out this "spontaneous" demonstration in furtherance of the cause. The boys and girls parked on the sidewalk for 6 whole days and for 5 nights—under the mantle of a cosy cause (and a cosier tarpaulin, provided by courtesy of a local contractor). Their spartan vigil ended only when the news came of President Johnson's decision to superimpose federal authority, and at the exact moment of the approach of a nasty snowstorm. In the meantime the policemen were wonderful, despite SNICK'S half-hearted charges, the regional churchmen staged a supporting rally, the city fathers made no fuss, and the ordinary community relaxed its initial apprehension.

This then was Toronto's very first taste of social

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protest by means of public demonstration. It slid easily down the public throat, for the general consensus was in favour of the cause the demonstrators sought to uphold. Disquietude that, irrespective of the cause, it was not the proper way for citizens to go about their business, and that condoning it could be the first step down the path of public disorder, was disowned. It couldn't happen here, they said.

It did.

On a warm Sunday in Summer when riot engulfed the peace and quiet of a downtown public park and shattered the image, as well as the reality, of a sensible city of responsible people.

There was a build-up earlier in the same week when press and radio reports indicated that the local odd-ball Neo-Nazis would spew out their filthy propoganda and flourish their despicable swastikas in the forum of the city streets. This gang of little boys (all 26 of them), whose Hate Literature had been arousing distaste in the community and alarm in the Jewish population, made a declaration that they would exercise their "right" of public expression of their views. At the same time there was another little group, composed of rabble-rousing Jews (a description coined later by the City's Jewish Congress), who were meeting in cellars to plot physical violence against the erstwhile Fascists. Theirs was a secret society named "N3," which they explained (for the benefit of the uncomprehending) is labelled, rather cutely, after Newton's Third Law that "Every Action Has A Reaction." As a *modus operandi* they chose taking the law into their own hands, or, if it were not for the rules of copyright, they might have called it "civil disobedience."

The plot is childlike in its simplicity, of course, if lacking a happy ending, and audiences in the American South at least have seen it before. But the tragedy in the plot was that it was not the two protagonist groups which activated the riot; it was the ordinary members of the public who got caught up in the flames of the explosive atmosphere that was allowed to develop.

The Neo-Nazi hoodlums, showing their first signs of sanity, chose not to show up at the appointed hour. And the virulent Jewish group were swamped by the crowd of almost 2500 that had gathered.

A large police detachment arrived to head off the confrontation, accompanied by the Mayor, some Councillors and much wringing of hands it an attempt to pacify their constituents. The crowd was not listening to the voice of reason, but it was listening for a cry of blood. The first shriek that set off the bomb was the simple accusation—"There's one of them." The second was "Kill Them!"

The initial victim of this "public assembly to express viewpoints" was an evangelistic minister who drew attention to himself by attempting to talk to the flock. His reward was a savage beating. Once off and running on the hunt, the crowd became a mob, and, like all mobs, couldn't stop. Three youths, in from out of town for the fun, were guilty of no more than an unfortunate taste in shirts (which were black), and they were scented just as the police were escorting them out of danger. When the "blackshirts" saw a large section of the crowd swelling in their direction, they acted as normal human beings—they ran. It was an honest and justifiable mistake, and they paid for it on the cobble-stones of the blind alley their flight led them to, under fists, boots and a remarkable number of wooden clubs.

Details of any riot, like details of all riots, are familiarly painful and ugly to relate. In the end, not counting the scores of minor injuries, a total of seven completely innocent bystanders had to be rushed to hospital with severe injuries for emergency treatment. The eighth serious casualty was the only actual participant of the guilty groups: he was the leader of the Neo-Nazis who was fool-hardy enough to turn up—and he arrived more than half-way through the riot. Arrested on the spot for "breach of the peace and disorderly conduct" (which was a trifle unfair in the circumstances) he had to run the painful gauntlet of blows and kicks on his way to the paddywagon.

At its ugly peak, a couple of thousand otherwise decent citizens ran amok to the sick, and sickening, chant of "KILL." This was what happened to a sober city of a Sabbath afternoon when not many years before even "Sunday Sports" were outlawed as unseemly. This is what became of importing a new code of conduct in expressing protest, and it is a product that bears the indelible legend "Made In The U.S.A."

What Toronto failed to see, or, if it saw it, looked the other way, was that there is no difference in principle betwen allowing civil rights zealots to flaunt their "We Shall Overcome" in the faces of emotionally-involved opponents of integration and permitting fanatic Neo-Nazis to scream their "Seig Heils" of hate at the aggrieved victims of former Fascist oppression. In Alabama, the untutored white masses were faced with a public promulgation of propaganda which, whether we share the sentiment or not, outraged their basic beliefs; in Toronto, the overwrought onlookers thought they were to be confronted with hate dogma which, whether we would have reacted in the same way or not, broke down their natural instincts as rational men. What was surprising in "uncivilized" Alabama was that more people were not set upon by the crowds; what was shocking in "sophisticated" Toronto was that so many lost control of themselves.

The parallels in the two situations are apparent. In each case the group which instigated the clash by taking to the public streets in "enemy territory" did so in the name of their so-called "right" to freedom of public assembly. The motive of each group, the Civil Rights Movement in the South and the Neo-Nazis in Canada, was plainly not to put across a viewpoint or to convince neutrals by force of debate, it was to attract glaring publicity and, in the process, to taunt the other side. To cause a violent head-on collision was their premeditated intent. It is this factor of motivation and disregard for public safety that makes a perverted wrong of their basic right to demonstrate, just as a driver is wrong, and blameworthy, who delberately abuses his "Right Of Way" to precipitate a smash-up.

This is not to suggest, of course, that freedom of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public assembly must be withdrawn, any more than the "Right Of Way" rule in traffic regulation should be scrapped. If the only alternative to public quietude was a universal ban on public meetings, then every man of us, I hope, would rather suffer the risk of continuous conflict on our streets. Those, too, who would advocate the suppression only of the unpopular elements in our society are unfaithful to the concepts of democracy. People who happen to hold opinions distasteful to the majority must be free to disseminate their views to the public in person, in print, on radio and television, in public halls and public streets, too, but only as long as public *order* is not to be endangered by their reckless disregard of what they choose to provoke.

Nor is it to say that all public demonstrations are always bad. But a parade for a "cause" may be harmless and right in one set of circumstances, and dangerous and wrong in another. Undergraduates demonstrating for civil rights on University Avenue, Toronto, have "rights" of public expression that supporters on Main Street, Selma, do not. Harlem ought not to be available as a matter of right for a Ku Klux Klan gathering; nor Jackson, Missisippi, for a Black Muslim picnic. In a tense atmosphere of racial conflagration a public demonstration by either side, including the "good guys," is nothing less than overt incitement, and there can be no such thing as a "non-violent" parade. No one has the right to strike a match in a roomful of gas, albeit to light the way to seal off the leak.

All this is notwithstanding the good or evil of the cause for which people demonstrate. In the case of the good cause, such as the civil rights crusade or anti-racism, it is even overlooking that opponents of injustice and prejudice themselves stoop to the very crimes they protest when they resort to a public manifestation of their anger. Anti-Nazis in Toronto took to the very head-breaking tactics that were Hitler's own, and civil righters in the South answered criminal breaches of the laws (against racial discrimination) by deliberately breaking other laws (against unlawful assembly). There is a dreadful irony here, and tragedy too, in that nothing could be more calculated to put ammunition into the clenched fists of the worst kind of their enemies or to damage the natural sympathy of the best kind of their natural fellow-citizens.

My heart is, I know, in the right place: with the negro in his fight for justice and against those who stand for racial bigotry; my head tells me that public exhibitionism that is designed to inflame is not defensible. Hasn't it been good law and sound common sense for generations that the right of any individual or group to expression of a viewpoint is always overridden by the community's greater right to be protected from public forms of that expression that amount to incitement and endanger good order?

Public provocation has never been part of our heritage, and ought not to be allowed to become an integral part of it. Apart altogether from an inbred respect for law and order, there is something in flagrant demonstrations *per se* that is, or used to be, naturally abhorrent. They *prove* nothing. A parade of thousands, or a hostile audience of thousands, does not make the cause for which it demonstrates more worthy or more right. (Hitler's numbered scores of thousands, and Moscow's are truly dandies.) A mass demonstration, or the crowd which responds with mass retaliation, is a form of animalism. And mobs for whatever cause, even "mobs for justice," are nonetheless mobs.

The questions which Canadians should have asked themselves before they followed the example of their U.S. counterparts are questions that Americans had less chance to pause on or ponder because of the acute nature of their racial crisis. But they are questions none of us can duck, for they will not go away by our pretending that they aren't there. If civil rights activists are to be encouraged to public demonstrations today, *notwithstanding the consequences of the provocations which result,* will racist fanatics feel justified in public retaliation tomorrow? If we endorse one group's excesses because we favour its cause, can we deny or condemn another group's whose cause we don't? Whose fault is it if law and order, and reason, become the victims of the resulting collision? "It's all right for those we like but not for those we don't" is all wrong for all, ourselves included.

The emotion with which Canadians witnessed race riots in the American South was composed of equal parts of disdain and moral superiority. But distance does remarkable things to perspective. Those of us in areas blessed with racial peace, and absent from the sultry atmosphere which is such a great part of the problem, have been able to indulge in bitter criticism of men in less fortunate communities who have resisted public demonstrations in their hometowns, and to send messages of support to those who were eager to march regardless. But now Torontonians, at least, have seen the results of open public conflict from the much less comfortable vantage point of their own front doorstep. And those responsible for the outbreak, the people who let it happen no less than those who participated in it, learned this new mode of social conduct from looking through their windows across the road to their nearest neighbors — not the people of the Deep South where the mob scenes occurred in spite of caveats, but the people of the American North where, far from condemnation, there has been a positive enthusiasm for "civil disobedience" and a condoning of those who marched with the sole purpose to provoke.

Harking back just once more to those little-known geophysical phenomena of the North American Continent we share, it is a scientific fact, contrary to popular understanding, that Canada actually *gets* a lot of its weather from the U.S.A. It may send down the odd frigid breeze in wintertime, but its summer arrives from below the international border. Certainly the geopolitical forces which may threaten Canada with "long, hot summers" of turbulence are forces that took shape in the heart of the U.S. North. It is not a pleasant weather pattern, nor is it one which Americans should be proud to have a hand in creating.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Night, And A Fire On The Hill

Jack Matthews

We were in the front room, waiting for the call to dinner. The old man went over to the fireplace, knocked his pipe out against the andiron and frowned. I knew there was something on his mind. He blew through the pipe and straightened up.

"I saw Frank last week," he said, looking beyond me.

"How is he?" I asked.

Dad stared at me for an instant and said, "Oh, Frank's the same old good-hearted ignoramus. He mentioned he hadn't seen you for two years. Asked all about you. How college was going, and all that. But then he always asks about you. Every goddam time we see each other."

"Two years? It sure doesn't seem that long."

"Oh, it's been that long. You've been busy with your studies and social life, and the time's gone pretty fast for you."

"Just the same as always. Mostly these days he works for the Reiner's and the Williams'. I let him do a little work on our place now and then."

"It's a wonder I haven't run into him when I've gone out to the farm. I've made it out there at least once every time I've been home."

The old man frowned and sighed. Then he stood up and went to his pipe rack in the bookcase next to the mantel. He picked out a churchwarden he always liked to smoke and dug it into his teakwood tobacco box. He was turned away from me, and I noticed his handkerchief sticking halfway out of his hip pocket, his wrinkled, sagging slacks and torn white sweater . . . and most of all, his fine gray hair, tangled crisscross like cobwebs in some dark corner. It had been a long time since he had shown any concern for his appearance.

When he turned around, holding his churchwarden like a long curved spoon in his right hand, he reached down inside his belt with his left hand and scratched long and hard. Then he took a half step to the side and yelled out to the kitchen: "Where in hell is dinner?"

"It'll be ready in a few minutes," one of my sisters said.

Dad blinked and laid the churchwarden down on a table. 'I'm thinking of buying again," he said. "Reiner's swamp."

"What for?" I asked.

"No good reason. Just want to have the land."

"Is Frank still runing traps down there in the winter?" I asked.

"So far as I know. Come on. Let's go out to the goddam kitchen and flush the quail."

I had just celebrated my twentieth birthday the day before Thanksgiving, and I was due back at college the following Monday. In the old days, the old man and I had always hunted on Thanksgiving; but in my freshman year he had gotten his leg broken in an automobile accident, and now he couldn't walk over a hundred yards without raising hell.

I was attending the same college in Virginia he had gone to. He never expressed any feeling for the college. When I had told him of my decision to go there, he had merely removed his pipe and said, "Well, I can tell you where there was a whorehouse in town thirty years ago, but the girls might be getting kind of tired."

I wrote letters to the family in general; and Mother answered them. It was Mother who sent me checks when I needed money, and it was she who told me how he was getting along. "Your father is working hard as usual," she would write; or sometimes she would merely end a letter with "Dad sends you his best, as usual." When I saw this, I would sometimes reflect that he probably hadn't even known she'd written to me.

In several of her letters, Mother had mentioned that Dad and Frank had done some work together. Once she said that Dad his driven Frank down into our bottom land in the pick-up truck, while Frank strung a hot wire to keep our Holstein bull out of Reiner's swamp. I pictured the old man sitting in the truck with his legs sprawled apart as he smoked his pipe and watched Frank hammering staples with swift flurries into the locust posts.

And yet I hadn't really thought much about Frank, and now the realization that Frank was still there . . . that he had been living his same old life all this time while I had been studying anthropology and math, drinking beer at The Three Spokes, going steady with a millionaire's platinum-haired daughter from Long Island . . . this realization was something of a shock.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was almost something embarrassing in it, and it occurred to me that one good reason I hadn't seen Frank since I had started in college was that I simply hadn't wanted to.

The farm was twenty-three miles from our hilltop home in the city, and on the day before Thanksgiving, I had overheard Mother ask the old man if he was going to drive out that day. He answered yes, and then she asked him if he didn't think he should ask me to go with him.

"Hell, he doesn't want to go out there," he said.

Right after lunch, Dad put on his hunting cap and his old suede jacket that had turned the color of gooseflesh, and went out to the garage. He climbed in the Volkswagen, and when he swerved it out of the driveway, he ran over the edge of the lawn, leaving a deep tire track in the grass. Later that day, it rained, and the track briefly filled with water before he returned. It was strange, because we heard that up in the country, where it was very dry, the storm had blown over completely.

I couldn't go back without seeing Frank; so on Sunday morning I phoned his place. After he answered and I told him who I was, he was silent a minute. I could almost see him as he stood before the phone. His eyes would be tightly shut and his mouth would be quivering as he tried to speak. This was the silence; then the word exploded, and Frank talked on for a few seconds before he had to stutter again.

I pictured him dressed in old-fashioned bib overalls, his clean gray flannel shirt open at the neck and his big red Adam's apple bobbing. He was fifteen years older than I, but I don't suppose anyone ever called Frank "mister." He wore his innocence and good nature the way some men wear authority. He could live to be ninety, and no one would ever call him "mister."

He was the best worker I've ever seen. He stood six feet and only weighed about a hundred and forty pounds, but he couldn't slow down or miss a stroke. He loved work, and work seemed to love him, like a dazzled woman. His wife had died over ten years before, and from then on Frank had led a hermit's existence in the little four-room, high-gabled house where he had always lived.

Frank seemed glad to hear my voice, but he might have been a little formal and reserved. Maybe he was really hurt because I hadn't come to see him before. Two years is a long time.

So I asked if he still had his dogs, and when he said yes, I asked if he was going to run any coons before long.

"Y-y-y-you mean you want to go coon hunting?"

"Sure, if you can get away," I said. 'How about tonight?"

'I thought your Dad said you were going back to college tomorrow."

"I am, but I can sleep on the train."

"H-h-how about nine-thirty?"

"That'll be fine."

"Good. It looks like it'll be a good night."

"Fine. I'll see you then."

When Frank hung up, I turned around and saw the old man moving into the front room toward the television set.

"I just phoned Frank," I told him. "I thought we might go coon hunting tonight."

"Good," he said. Then he pivoted around on his good leg and shouted, "Mother, where's the goddam newspaper?"

I heard Mother answer in a patient sing-song from someplace upstairs that she had no idea where it was because she hadn't seen it.

A little after eight-thirty, I went down into the basement and pulled my second-best boots out of an old canvas trunk. They were hard and dry, like crumpled-up pieces of heavy cardboard. So I got a big jar filled with a mixture of neatsfoot oil and lanolin and started rubbing the grease into the leather. Before long, my hands were warm and oily, and the boots were slippery and pliable. I was whistling, and it was because of this that I didn't hear the old man walk halfway down the steps.

When I felt his shadow near me on the basement cement, I glanced up and surprised a strange, pensive look on his face. But he blinked, and in the time of the blink, the look disappeared, and he was merely watching me work on the boots.

"Why are you messing around with those old things?" he asked.

"My good boots are at school," I said.

"Ever use them?"

"No. But I might, one of these days."

The old man nodded and rubbed his eyes with his finger and thumb. He looked all around the basement, as if he hadn't been there for a long time.

'I haven't heard dogs run a coon in a long time," he said finally. Heavily, he sat down on the basement steps, and his knees cracked.

"Why don't you come along with us?"

For the merest instant, he loked into my face, and then he nodded downstairs once. "Maybe," he said. Shortly after that, he got up and walked upstairs.

When I had my boots on, I went to the pantry and got my hunting cap and coat, and then I went into the living room where he and mother were watching television. His mention of going had seemed so casual that I thought he might have given up on the idea, but there he was, sitting in his favorite chair, dressed in his boots and hunting coat, and holding his red hunting cap in one hand.

He looked at me and said, "Ready?"

"Sure," I said.

He stood up and turned to Mother, saying, "Get ready for a good feed when we get back. The kid here is so excited he's liable to kill one of Reiner's pigs."

Mother was immune to his jokes, and I didn't expect her to laugh, but I was surprised at the sorrowful way she looked at him just then. It was only a brief, secret look before she patted his shoulder and he turned to go out. I realized then that she didn't want him to go.

We climbed in the Volkswagen, and I backed it out of the drive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I missed that path you made in the lawn the other day," I said. "But I guess the driveway's good enough for me."

"Some of us are trailblazers," the old man said, "and some aren't."

"I guess you can call it that if you don't know any better."

"Smart ass kid," he grumbled. Then he lit his pipe, and we didn't say anything more until we turned down the dirt road to Frank's house.

Frank still used old-fashioned kerosene lanterns, and when we pulled up into his yard and parked, three of the lanterns were already burning and standing in a row on the ground.

There was no black-slapping or horseplay when I got out of the car. Frank was a reticent man, and all the two of us did was shake hands and say hello. There wasn't any point in his asking me how I was or what was new, because Dad and Mother had given him all the details every time they met, so now there was nothing to do but get ready to go up the hill.

Frank and I grabbed lanterns and went around to the back shed where he kept his dogs. Frank pulled the old wooden peg out of the latch and opened the door. I noticed the strong animal smell of the hounds as they tumbled out the door and bounced hard against our knees and thighs. Frank kept talking to them like a patient father. I had long ago noticed that Frank didn't stutter when he talked to the dogs.

I was rubbing the head of a big blue tick named Sampson when Frank asked me where the old man was.

"Out in front, I guess."

"I thought maybe he had come back with us to get the dogs."

"No. Why should he?"

"N-n-no reason."

Frank shoved a dog away with his boot and then started pacing around to the front. I followed with the lantern. The moon was red as a big traffic light in the clear night sky. Maybe it was too dry for the dogs to pick up a trail.

"I think he got back in the car," Frank said.

I saw him hold the lantern up and walk over to the car. Dad was siting there. He eased the door open when Frank came up, and I heard him say something.

"What's the matter," I asked, holding my lantern up. "Your leg bothering you from walking already?"

"Goddam insolent pup," Dad said.

When our two lanterns came together and shone full on him, I saw that his face was white.

"What's the matter?" I said.

Frank turned and shoved one of the hounds with his foot. "G-g-get outa here. That ain't your car to get in."

"Not a goddam thing," the old man said. "I could lick two of your kind any day. Come on, Frank. Let's get started." He eased out of the car.

"If you say so," Frank said.

I lifted the lantern again to look at Dad, and when I did so, he hit my arm. I was surprised at how hard he swung. It was almost as if he'd meant it. "Get that light out of my eyes," he said. "You want to blind me so I'll walk into a goddam tree?"

Then he told us to go ahead with the dogs, while he walked up to a big shagbark on a knoll that was the highest point around. He made some comment about how stupid we were, running our asses off, while he was going to make himself comfortable in a place where he could hear the dogs run clear into the next county.

Frank and I decided to take the dogs through the woods in a big arc until we reached a clump of willows near a covered bridge on the Somerville road. If they didn't pick up a trail by then, we'd figure on something else.

So we started along the road, the dogs running ahead —squirming with excitement, wriggling through clumps of briers and weeds, and every now and then, one of them sneezing from getting a snootful of thistle seed.

NIGHT ON CLINTON

The bar is closed and I come
to myself outside the door,
drunk and shivering. The talking
champions, the bedroom
killers, the barroom Catholics
have drifted away and I
am standing in a yellowish
wound of light. Above the blot
my breathing makes on the glass,
I look down the darkened bar
where the bottles are out of breath,
the stale tumblers bunched, and white
glistening webs in the pitchers
dry up and break and shrivel.
The plastic stools seem to turn
in the hot light that bubbles
from the big Sea Bird, silent now,
and a shape vaguely human
moves with a rag and a limp
among the empty tables
piled hight with surrendered chairs.
Nailed on the back wall, a great
Canadian elk fixes me
with his glazed liquid eyes and
the last lights go out. What I see
is important now, but I see
only the dim half-moon
of my own face in the black
mirror of space, and I lay
my cheek against the cold glass.
Snow is beginning to fall,
huge wet flakes that burst from
the darkness like parachutes
and plunge past the streaming light
and melt into the street.
Freeze, die, says the veteran wind
from the north but he goes on
with his work, the night and the snow,
and was not speaking to me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CONFESSION

If someone was walking across
your lawn last night, it was me.
While you dreamt of prowlers, I was
prowling down empty lanes, to breathe
the conifer coolness of just
before dawn. Your flowers were closed,
your windows black and withdrawn.

Sometimes I see a square of
yellow light shining through the trees,
and I cross the grass and look in.
Your great body on the bed
is nude and white, and though I'm starved
for love like everyone, the sight
of your black sex leaves me cold.

What would I say to a squad car
if it came on its noiseless tires
and picked me out with its lights, like
a cat or a rabbit? That I
only wanted to see how people
live, not knowing how? That I
haven't had a woman in months?

Therefore I stay out of sight
and do not speak. Or if I speak,
I make small animal sounds
to myself, so as not to wake you.
What it means is disgust. What
I wanted to do was enter
and bend and touch you on the cheek.

THE NEXT THING IS ALWAYS ABOUT TO HAPPEN

A letter arrives, *We hope to arrive tomorrow,*
will you meet us in King of Prussia?
Or, *I owe too much money*. Always the new
word like the old action carried into someone's
hands.

And he is reminded suddenly of his life.
It is late morning normally, cool and limpid,
the breezes damp with honeysuckle. *Six months*
now
and I still can't remember she's not in the house,
alive.

So many lives are like pages I read in a book,
but the pages are torn and lost. A life goes on.
A bus exhales in the echoing terminal,
a face swims to the glass from the dark interior.

In the middle of sleep where they are forbidden
to enter,
the threads are trembling, the garbled message
burns on the wind: *our city in flames, in ruins,*
and the dead are straggling home with their red
brows.

Whatever I think of is fingers that stretch toward
me
thin bones in a filthy envelope of flesh,
and I am a strong man, as strength goes,
with weakness swelling in every joint and gesture.

Our need reaches stubbornly down with a
chancellor's hand,
and we are equally gripped. Day after day
there is silence in King of Prussia
and a thin black plume of smoke, hanging over the
land.

Robert Mezey

It was nothing but an old dirt road, and Frank walked in one track while I walked in another.

We didn't say such. Frank walked with his gun crooked over his arm, and I walked a little bit behind, carrying my old one shot 20 gauge over my shoulder, military style. The dogs weren't picking up anything, but it seemed to me that Frank was working them much too close. He was practically stepping on their tails now and then, and once or twice I almost asked him what the big hurry was.

But I knew Frank understood these woods, and the game in them, better than any man, so I kept quiet. Finally, I was surprised to see that we had come out on the Somerville Road. It was almost as if Frank had been taking a short cut to the willows.

He was standing up in the road with his lantern turned down, and I climbed the fence and went up to him.

"Why are you going so fast?" I said. "'This isn't supposed to be a race."

"I f-f-figured they was a good chance to pick up a trail down by the willows."

"What the hell, as fast as we've been going, the dogs could have gone right over a trail. Especially with the ground this dry."

"I don't reckon they missed anything very fresh."

The dogs were going up the road. We could see them in the moonlight, still squirming and full of life. One of them, named Billy was mostly white, with an all-white head, and he stood out like chalk in the darkness.

Suddenly, one of them yipped down in the bushes alongside the road. "Get outa there," Frank hissed. I saw him go trotting up the road until he was even with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dog. Then he stepped down into the culvert and pushed the dog off with his foot. "Go on there. *Git* out!" he yelled.

I came up fast, and when Frank climbed back up to the road, I said, "That dog was nosing a trail. What's gotten into you, Frank?"

"It was a rabbit," Frank said.

I started to argue with him, but he turned away from me without another word and clomped on down the road toward the covered bridge and the willow trees. There was no point in my arguing now, so I followed along, telling myself that I'd ask a few questions when we got to the willows, and by God get some answers.

One of the dogs squealed a few minutes later, and I saw Frank's head whirl about as if he had heard a woman scream. But the dog didn't follow up, and in a short while, Frank was slapping his legs calling the dogs in, and we were walking in the pasture bottoms, once more in the direction of the willow trees.

Suddenly, Frank stopped and stared at the distance. I looked too, and saw a light near the top of the hill.

'Is that the old man's lantern?" I asked.

Frank shook his head. "Nope. That's a fire. He's gone and built one there under the hickory tree."

"And probably wondering why he can't hear dogs running," I said. Frank looked away, but I grabbed his arm and turned him around.

"What's the matter with him?" I said.

Frank turned his lantern down and started to fuss with the handle.

"You've got to tell me," I said.

"No. I c-c-can't do that."

"You've got to. Because I know there's something wrong."

One of the dogs yipped down near the creek. Since the cry sounded hollow, he must have been right under the covered bridge. There was a cow path under the bridge, and a deep pool of water that was good for catfish when the cattle weren't being pastured here.

"He's sick, isn't he?" I asked.

Frank nodded and took a quick breath. "He had a bad heart attack almost a year ago. Back in January."

"Jesus Christ," I said.

"He's like a c-c-crazy man about it. He won't let nobody say nothing about it at all. Your mother told me the doctor says he ain't got very long."

"Jesus Christ Almighty!"

I sat down on a rock I hadn't even noticed was there. It was like my legs had turned to water. I hadn't expected anything like that. It didn't seem possible.

"I don't think they should keep it from you," Frank said. "But you know, they made me promise. And I did. I shouldn't have. No s-s-sir, I shouldn't never have promised. A son has a right to know."

'It's all right. I wanted to know."

"I can't say nothing about it to him though. You saw how he was when you lifted that lantern to look at his face. Well, that's the way it is all the time. I'm afraid if I make him mad like that, he'll have an attack and die."

We both stood there in the darkness for a minute. A cool breeze tickled the hair on the back of my neck. The moon was paler now, and very large, so that we could see the shadow of the bridge and the family of big willow trees whose roots went clear down into the creek . . . and now and then a flicker of shadow, as the dogs moved about, teased by the ground odors of steers, field mice, rabbits and God knows what all.

"That's why I was hurrying down here," Frank said. "I wanted to see if he'd b-b-build a fire up on that there hill. I figure he feels all right, or he wouldn't have b-b-built himself a fire."

"I see what you mean," I said.

"He was particular you wouldn't know nothing about it," Frank said. "I know he was hard on your mother until she promised she wouldn't tell you. They argued ab-b-bout it one day when I was in the car. It wasn't my place to tell you, I guess; but I sure do believe you have a right to know. You're a man now, and you've gotten yourself over two whole years of college, and I know you can stand up to things about as well as anybody."

A breeze was starting to blow, and I heard it rattling the husks of some milkweed that was growing nearby. The air was chilly.

"Maybe we ought to go straight back and see how he is," I said.

"I don't think so. He b-b-built himself a fire, and that means he feels pretty good. If we came back early, I figure he might get awful mad, and I don't know what would happen then. Your mother said it was best he didn't get mad."

"Sure."

"You won't let on you know, will you?" Frank said.

"No. I promise."

I heard Frank take a long breath, and he sounded relieved; but I could still see that he looked sad. He didn't offer to shake my hand at the bargain we had made. It was possible he was too humble to offer his hand. At that moment the two of us seemed far apart.

We decided to work the dogs up the creek bed. We would be staying pretty close to Dad, and yet it was a reasonable course to take if we wanted to pick up a coon trail.

The woods were much thicker and darker than the wooded uplands we had come through before. We carried our lanterns at half bright, and made our way down into a locust thicket and then along a low ridge of the creek bank, where five lofty sycamores stood with their tall white trunks in a crooked line.

We were walking about fifty feet apart and had come to the third tree, when I heard Sampson bawl; then SueBelle and Billy joined in. There was no mistaking it this time, and I felt my heart lift with the strangeness of the sound. It was something I remembered from the past years, and yet had almost forgotten. It was something primitive and terrifying, yet beautiful in its darkness, as if it symbolized the most essential truth of our own lives and transcended the mere story of a fat furry animal waddling swiftly over fallen cottonwoods and tulip trees and whipping past ferns and nettles, while five dogs and two men gave chase.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We kept a warm trail for about ten minutes, and then—almost directly below the knoll where the old man waited—the coon took to water and the dogs were lost. I stood on top of a little mound until I caught my breath. I didn't know where Frank was, but I could see the pale figure of Billy as he moved ahead of me. Every now and then I would see him stop and lift his head to listen. There was another dog I couldn't identify farther on, in a part of the swamp that was thick with ironwood spears and wild hedge trees. I could hear this dog scrambling through the twigs, occasionally snapping a branch with a sound like the angry crack of a kite stick.

But behind this sound, there hung a vast curtain of stillness. The moonlight filtered through the thick limbs of the trees like a frozen, silver rain of light that seemed almost to render the silence visible. For a few minutes I stood there, caught up in the mystery as surely as if the darkness had been a kind of ivy that was beginning to climb my legs and back, and this darkness was not really threatening me in any way, because ultimately it was only part of myself. A part I had never understood or listened to before.

Then Billy whined and barked. It wasn't a treeing call, and it wasn't a bay. It was almost is if had been chained in a barnyard someplace and was just standing there barking to hear himself.

But it was a sound, and I stumbled through the briers and crashed cumbersomely down off the mound like a parachutist rolling forward into the sky at midnight. I ran up to the white dog, and when I shined my lantern in his face, Billy simply curled his tail and slinked away. God knows what he had been barking at.

Frank had heard him, and now he was walking toward me with Sampson and another blue tick trotting complacently alongside.

'It's crazy," I said. "He wasn't barking at anything."

Frank nodded and whistled for the other dogs. Then we started walking up toward the road.

"It's not even midnight," I said. We took several steps, and I added, "But it's late enough."

"It was a good run while it lasted," he said when we reached the dirt road that led to his cabin. I agreed.

For a while I imagined that we might climb up the hill and find my father's dead body lying face-up by the blazing fire. I wasn't even watching where I was as Frank turned off the road and started working his way up the hill.

A few minutes later we could see the old man's fire. It was a big one, casting light even as high as the lower limbs of the hickory tree and the scattering of old leathery leaves that still clung to the twigs here and there.

The old man was sitting on a log. He wasn't smoking his pipe. He was just sitting there leaning forward, with his hands clasped and his elbows on his knees. His face seemed to have a better color.

"You went too goddam fast," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

But Dad turned to Frank and said, 'Why in the hell did you move down the road like that? It should have taken you an hour and a half to get to the willows. I saw your lanterns down there right after I got the fire going."

Frank stuttered out something about wanting to get the dogs near the water, and I backed him up by pointing out that right away we had picked up a trail down by the creek.

The old man nodded and with a sigh leaned back against the trunk of the hickory.

'You can see miles from this place," he said.

"It's a good spot," I said.

Dad glanced at me sharply. "You sick or something?" he said, leaning forward. "It's not like you to agree with anybody."

"Not sick," I said. "You just stumbled on the truth without realizing it. Keep talking, and I'll argue."

He nodded and settled back against the trunk.

Frank pulled a quart thermos jug out of his hunting coat.

"Well I'll be God damned," Dad said. "I didn't want to embarrass you, Frank, but when I saw that big lump in your coat I thought one of your tits had slipped."

Frank grinned and poured cups of coffee for all three of us. It was a clever thermos set, holding three plastic cups inside one another.

We sat there for a while longer, drinking coffee and talking about the dogs and the land and how cold it was getting. Then we walked back down the hill.

It was a little over two months later that my father died in his sleep while I was at college. I have no way of knowing whether he had gone back to the farm after that night, but I would like to think that he hadn't. It was important to believe that I had been with him the last time there on the hill. I would like to think that when he sat there drinking coffee with Frank and me, under the hickory limbs and the stars, while the dogs prowled all around the brush away from the campfire . . . I would like to think that this was the last time, and that somehow it had been enough.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATENT SYMBOLISM, ARCHETYPAL PATTERNS AND SOCIO-PHILOSOPHICAL IMPLICATIONS IN DONALD DUCK

Ray Puechner

Although the literature of Donald Duck is so extremely vast that perhaps only a few men may be privileged to study it fully in one lifetime, some attempts *must* be made to establish a few guideposts which might serve as points of departure for future scholars in the field. Thus it will be greatly satisfying to me if I am able to provide only a few insights into the nature of this masterful creation.

To begin with, we must consider Donald Duck as a complete entity, the Donald Duck of books, of film, and of timeless folk art as seen in newspapers.[1] After examining all this material, our first impression generally is to see Donald Duck as the symbol of the typical harrassed, repressed American male, an irascible, easily-decived, buffoon.[2] But this is only what we see to be true, a quick and hasty superficial surface impression. We must search more deeply to pentrate the mysterious enigma of this complex personality and, when we do, we discover that its meanings are far from simple.

Take, for example, the basic archtype of the duck, as divorced from its artistic and socio-psychological context. The duck is regarded as a figure of ridicule (but, as we shall see, quite erroneously). A fat person walks or waddles 'like a duck.' Further, in folk literature, the duck becomes an outcast, a symbol of contempt.[3] In the famous story, *The Ugly Duckling,* we see a duckling (which is actually a swan) raised by a duck, raised as an unwanted child with brutality and lack of love and understanding. And this 'duckling' grows into a swan! Do you see? It does not grow up to be a duck. Consequently, the author is clearly stating that swans are better than ducks, for he casts the ducks in the role of unfeeling villains. This fact is particularly significant and helps to explain why Donald Duck is white and not brown as ducks normally are.[4] This is no ordinary duck.

Further denigration of the duck is exemplified in such malicious folk doggerel as: If the ocean were whiskey/ And I were a duck/ I would swim to the bottom/ And never come up.[5] Again the duck is represented as the prototype of a despised person in society, an addict. It is peculiar, but true, that we must cloak our fear of all such maledictions with light and frivolous jokes, which are actually a form of black humor. But the point of the rhyme, the reason I quote it is this: Why a duck? Why not a swan? Or, more logically, a fish?

Consequently, as we hold these associative traditions in mind, a different picture of Donald Duck begins to emerge, we begin to see something more. Not only is Donald Duck symbolic of the Quixotic side of each of us, he also brilliantly and subtly portrays the outsider, the socially-deprived person who is attempting to increase his status by means of camouflage and carefully-considered subterfuge.

A wealth of evidence can be assembled to reinforce this interpretation. Consider, for example, the fact that Donald Duck suffers from a serious speech defect rendering him, at times, almost incomprehensible.[6] Now it is a well known fact that such afflictions generally give rise to psychological stress and often result in severe neuroses. Thus Donald Duck feels compelled to strike out at a world in which he is unable to adequately communicate, to speak as readily and clearly as others without being subject to misunderstanding, or even contempt and laughter.

Consider too the costume and dress of Donald Duck, which is particularly revealing. At all times he wears the uniform of a sailor. Undoubtedly, he has at some time served meritoriously in the Navy, and this was a time when he belonged, when he was part of the group, a time when he could view himself with self-respect and dismiss the memory of his early life when his speech defect must have been particularly painful to him. Consequently he retains the uniform which reminds him of the days he once enjoyed. He wears it always as it lends him a feeling of identification with others, giving him that psychological security that all of us know is so necessary.[7] But, and this is a singularly important point, he never wears pants.

Much has been made of this point. Most critics claim that this signifies symbolic castration.[8] The relationship between a feeling of impotency, either real or imagined, and the practice of disguising this with a facade of power revealed in outbursts of temper has always been a common phenomenon. But this interpretation is too often subject to misinterpretation. They have overlooked the most obvious interpretation: *viz.:* the fact that Donald Duck wears no pants is simply a revelation of his real manliness.

Now before we pursue our examination of the hidden character of Donald Duck, let us pause for a moment to examine his intellectual and social milieu. The single most striking fact that immediately presents itself is the presence of his three nephews: Huey, Dewey, and Louie.[9] But aside from the deftly satiric and deeply ironic socio-political significance that these figures manifest; aside from their rather obvious role as progenitors of surrealistic comedy (indeed, there is strong evidence to suggest that they were the true precursors of the Marx Brothers); aside from their symbolic representation of the ever-recurring mythical triad; aside from all this is the fact that the real meaning of their presence in the household of Donald Duck has never been adequately explained.[10]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While what I now propose as a working hypothesis may startle a few of my respected colleagues in the field of Donald Duckiana, I nevertheless suggest here and now that these 'nephews' are not really nephews, but the real sons of Donald Duck. How does that grab you?

No one has ever really stopped to consider the basic fact of this rather tenuous relationship. If Donald Duck were truly only an uncle, one would be hard pressed to find an explanation which satisfactorily explains why he has been granted custody of them. He is a most unlikely prospect. He never works. He is constantly out of a job, an unreliable custodian who seldom, if ever, knows what they are doing. Are we to believe that any state would grant custody of three children to him were he not their legal father? Assuredly, he is their real father.[11]

What became of Donald Duck's wife remains a mystery which future scholars might delve into. Daisy Duck, who is a cruelly-drawn picture of the frustrated American woman, is certainly not that person. Instead she is a blatantly crude representation of a single woman in search of a future. She neither loves Donald nor is kind to him. It is transparently obvious that she only wishes to marry him because he will someday be heir to the fabulous fortune of Scrooge McDuck, Donald's rich and rather eccentric uncle.[12]

These things are all visibly apparent to Donald who, while he poses as a bewildered bumpkin, is actually a shrewd archetypal figure cast in the mold of the Old American Yankee dealer.[13] He exhibits many of the characteristics: pretending to be gullible, showing a great outward patriotism (as exemplified by his dress), and having a genuine love and affection for the simple aspects of life. Consider him in his happiest moments: alone in his cabin in the woods, fighting it out with Chip 'n' Dale, the elusive chipmunks, his nemeses, who steal provisions from his camp, who provide him with countless hours of detached amusement.[14] When he pretends to be angry, it is all a front, a show, for he truly loves these little devils who represent the life he most enjoys.

And this is Everyman: beneath his gruff exterior lies a callous soul. Everyman, the typical American male, pretends to be strong and unyielding, yet, beneath it all, is like a soft and furry animal that desperately needs to be loved. This is the real Donald Duck, a mock protester, who genuinely loves his children. Here is a lesson for us all.[15]

And finally we must note the single most important aspect of the world of Donald Duck, the wellspring of his being, his very life, his *raison d'etre,* the genesis of his *Weltanschauung,* the force that drives him to endure, his continual and unceasing *elan vital,* his eschatological outlook, the symbolic dream of us all. And here is a profound insight: there is neither *eros* nor *thanatos* in the world of Donald Duck. He shall never love and he shall never die. His is a fixed world of perpetual youth. He does not age. And this is the epitome of our cherished American Dream.[16]

So before we take leave of our senses, I mean study, let us hope we have uncovered at least a small portion of the mystery which surrounds this dark personage; let us hope that it will give us an insight into our own human condition, provide us with new means of seeking a more meaningful commitment, enable us to render sounder value judgements, help us to realize that failure and success are really twins, and make us understand that, come what may, the timeless tragedy of man must go on.

[1] I am exceedingly grateful to the New York Public Library for use of its microfilm files of the newspaper adventures of Donald Duck, the Museum of Modern Art for its film collection, and my 8-year-old son for lending me his comic book collection which aided me in preparing this article.

[2] Fredway Green, "Donald Duck and the Matriarchal Society," *Journal of Modern Anthropological Research* (June 18, 1964), 48-57. See also: Helen Gurley Brown, *Sex and the Single Girl.*

[3] Henrik Ibsen, *The Wild Duck.* Not related to the subject, but interesting nonetheless.

[4] Previously held theories that racial bias might have influenced the decision to portray Donald Duck as white rather than brown have been exploded. See: Reading Bareweather, "A note on the Origins of Donald Duck," *The Donald Duck Newsletter* (July 29, 1965), 71-107.

[5] Tape recorded interview with unidentified wino on corner of Broadway and 46th, New York, January 12, 1962.

[6] Samuel Goldwyn, *Those Who Talk Funny: The Tragic Role of the Comic Hero,* Bushwah Press, New York, 1966, 289-91.

[7] Henry J. Millow, "Costume and Dress and Its Symbolic Achievement in Donald Duck," *Mary Poppins Review* (March 18, 1964), 199-223.

[8] George Ferenzci, *A History of Castration Complexes and* Why, Base Books, Paris, 1943, 114-117.

[9] They of course represent Huey Long, Thomas E. Dewey, and Louis Duc de Dauphin, an obscure 16th century pretender to the French throne. This is brilliantly examined in: Horace Thakow, "The Socio-Political Mystery of Huey, Dewey, and Louie, " PML (Septemer 9, 1961), 161-89.

[10] N. E. Day, *Donald Duck: An Interpretive Study,* Donald Duck Foundation Books, New York, 1964, 231-234.

[11] *Ibid.,* 807-45.

[12] *Ibid.,* 1423-1641.

[13] Constance Rourke, *American Humor,* Doubleday, New York, 1961, 18-34.

[14] "Nuts in May," 1947. From the film collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

[15] For other lessons, see: Gertrude Stein, *The Lesson Book.*

[16] Aren't you glad?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Vanishing Jew

Allan C. Brownfeld

Rarely, if ever, have more than five million vigorous and prosperous people, free to pursue their culture, their religion, even their phobias, been discussed more hopelessly than have American Jews. Jews are vanishing, say some observers, and others, a bit more resigned to a futile outcome, lament that freedom and democracy, while good for others, may be dangerous for Jews.

The battle-cry has been lost on deaf ears within the Jewish community. Rather than worrying about what rabbis term an alarming rate of inter-marriage, and a lack of concern about Jewish identity, most American Jews are happy in the feeling that they have never had it so good. This question of the "vanishing Jew," rarely considered by Jews themselves, has become a subject of great concern to the general community. Is the American Jew, it now seems proper to ask, really here to stay? And, if he isn't, is it his own fault or, in some way, that of the American society?

Though only three per cent of the American population is Jewish, the Jewish influence upon American life and letters has been much more pervasive. Poet Robert Lowell of the Boston Lowells, who boasts "as a saving grace" that he is one eighth Jewish, stated recently that "Jewishness is the theme of today's literature, as the Middle West was the theme of Veblen's times and the South was in the thirties."

The evidence of Jewish involvement in American society and culture is all about us. In a recent essay entitled "The New American Jew," *Time Magazine* noted that ". . . Suddenly much of American literature seems to be dominated by Jews: J. D. Salinger, Norman Mailer, Joseph Heller, Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth. . . . Most of America's top comedians have been Jews, from Eddie Cantor to Mort Sahl. Everyone who come to New York still wants to see Jewish actor Zero Mostel play Jewish author Sholem Alechem's Tevye in "Fiddler On The Roof" and Jewish singer Barbra Streisand play Jewish Fanny Bryce in "Funny Girl." *Time* points out that ". . . only a few years ago, Barbra might have been tempted to Anglicize both her name and her profile, while today she triumphs with both . . ."

Yet, to many Jewish leaders, such activity is simply secular, and is part and parcel of the current dilemma. Salinger and Malamud are, after all, producing American, and not "Jewish," literature. Whether there is such a thing as Jewish literature, in any but a theological sense, is a more difficult question. It is part of the older question of who is a Jew, and what does being Jewish involve. It has been said that Judaism is not simply a religion, but a nationality as well. Perhaps it is this idea of Judaism which is dying in America, and not the religious values which seem to be re-appearing in many places.

While there is a general revival in church attendance, the Jewish figures remain a poor third, despite the fact that young Jews are showing an increasing religious interest. Surveys show that 71% of Roman Catholics attend church weekly, while 40% of the Protestants do so. The Jewish rate is at about 25%, indicating at least some alienation from what is going on within the synagogue.

Perhaps an examination of the views presented by Jewish leaders and the actions pursued by young American Jews may be compared, to discover whether one is relevant to the other. Are American Jews "leaving" Judaism, or are they simply reacting against what they consider to be a narrow and parochial attitude on the part of their rabbinate and community leaders?

In a recent issue of *Judaism* Rabbi Jacob Neusner posed the following challenge: "The major issues within Judaism seem mostly to emerge from the debates of half a century ago, and the major concerns of the Jews retain the obsolete qualities of the siege-mentality. . . . And for the average Jew, the chief Jewish issue is phrased in wholly ethnic terms: whether children marry Jews is more important than whether they build Jewish homes, whether people live in Jewish neighborhoods matters more than whether the neighborhoods in which they do live are places of dignity and commonplace justice. I wonder whether Jewish history can provide an example of a Jewish community more ethnocentric, and less religiously concerned than our own. . . . We who preach brotherhood so self-righteously to our fellow citizens preserve in our hearts the least edifying part our heritage, the hostility to gentiles which in less fortunate ages could at least be understood, if not condoned, against the background of obsessive hatreds. . . . Judaism did not create the idea of a ghetto; a hostile Christian society did. Judaism did not exalt the separateness of Jewry, but called upon the Jew to sanctify His name among the society of men."

Yet, in the March, 1965, issue of *Jewish Frontier* an article by Zvi Ankori warns that "American Jewry of tomorrow is doomed to complete assimilation." His answer is "Israeli-American Jewish cooperation." "You cannot solve the problem," he states, "without us and without striking deeper roots in this country of ours." U.S. Jews must "settle in Israel," we are told, not only because "*we* need you," but "for your own sake." From

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this point of view, the presentation of Judaism in the United States is contingent upon American Jews settling in Israel!

Urging young American Jews to come to Israel, the only place in which a "full Jewish life" may be led, a statement by Mr. Sh. Z. Shagrai in the *Day Morning-Journal* said the following: ". . . what is there holy about the Diaspora, containing as it does Gentile defilement, that one should live there and study the Torah and be pious there? Why not study the Torah and be a pious Jew in Eretz Israel, which is holy *per se* and where the Divine Presence dwells permanently?" This is the view echoed by David Ben Gurion. Those Jews living outside of Israel are in "exile," and only in Israel may a Jew fully practice his faith.

In 1947 the Central Conference of American Rabbis stated that ". . . mixed marriages are contrary to the tradition of the Jewish religion and should be discouraged by the American rabbinate." Not concerned with the individual lives involved in a marriage, Rabbi Abraham Heller wrote the following in the *Congress Weekly,* official publication of the American Jewish Congress: ". . . With all the sympathy for a couple in love seeking Jewish blessings for their union, the real issues facing the rabbi are the survival of Jewish identity and the perpetuation of Judaism. . . . Rabbis who officiate at mixed marriages create a favorable climate for other Jews to strike severe blows at Jewish survival. If rabbis cannot halt the trend toward general amalgamation, the least they can do is refrain from augmenting it by officiating at mixed marriages."

In the face of such a philosophy of withdrawal and self-segregation, how have younger Jews reacted? Speaking at the annual conference of the National Community Relations Advisory Council, Dr. Lou H. Silberman, professor of Jewish literature and thought at Vanderbilt University, said that it was "tragic" that the American Jewish community had not created "new modes of expression for its inherited faith that will provide a way for these young men and women to function."

Albert Vorspan, director of Social Action for the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, said that it was "foolish and tragic for Jewish leaders to decry the drift of our own youngsters away from organized Jewish life. If they are resentful of Jewish life, we had better look with candor at their critique."

Have young American Jews agreed with the idea that Judaism is biological, and that Jews must segregate themselves and inter-marry in order to survive? The figures show otherwise, as does the attitude often heard from Jewish literary and political figures. A study of Washington, D.C.'s Jewish community of 81,000 broke down the rate of inter-marrying Jewish men by generations: 1.4% for the foreign born, 10.2% for the first generation of American born, 17.9% for the second. The rate for college educated members was a surprisingly high 37%.

The attitude of nostalgia for the ghetto arises in an American society which is more and more devoted to the total integration of all of its members into the community at large. Here the parochial Jewish attitude challenges the broader American one, and young Jews are overwhelming rejecting it.

The rebellion of younger Jews against such orthodoxy is not either a religious rebellion or a vocal one. It is simply a shedding of values and approaches which no longer seem relevant, and often leaves a vacuum. Sometimes this vacuum is filled by other religious organizations which do seem relevant. Usually, however, it simply means an abandonment of a real commitment, even though such an abandonment may go hand in hand with a seemingly formal synagogue affiliation.

It is at the point where the advocates of a close-knit Jewish nationality and ethnic group conflict with the younger Jews who feel that their religion is no different from either the Catholicism or Protestantism of their friends and neighbors except in a theological sense that we may join part of the argument. For many younger Jews the idea of Jewish nationality and ethnic identity conflicts with the American philosophy of religious freedom and equality in an open and single society.

The effort at making younger Jews conscious of a difference between themselves and other Americans often coincides with the Zionist philosophy of Judaism, which stresses that Jews outside of Israel are in eternal exile. Speaking of the modern Israeli state, David Ben Gurion once noted that it was the only nation, 99% of whose citizens lived outside of its borders. He was, of course, including American Jews in his estimate, and young American Jews hardly consider themselves Israelis. They consider such statements an intrusion upon their citizenship and their lives.

Initially a reaction against European anti-Semitism, Zionism has been forced to shift gears in the American society where the spectre of anti-Semitism cannot be effectively invoked. In 1948, when Israel was fighting for its independence, a rabbi, at a cocktail party, asked the late Bernard Baruch: "When are you going to do something for your people?" Replied Baruch: "I have been working for my people all of my life, the people of South Carolina and the United States." Foreign born Zionists could not understand this, for they had never felt at home in the societies of their birth. American Zionists have tried to create an artificial alienation, telling American Jews that only in Israel might they lead truly Jewish lives. Men representing such a view have, unfortunately, long been dominant in American Jewish organizations. If young American Jews are

GHOSTS

The ghosts of labor organizers
Drift wetly along the weedy roadbeds.

What are strikes, injunctions, petitions
To the rails that rust in the weeds?

It was all lost between drinks, in bed,
After an afternoon at the ball park.

R. R. Cuscaden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alienated, it is not from the American society, but from these leaders and organizations which seek to speak in their name.

What Zionism is afraid to recognize, of course, is that it is irrelevant to American Jewish life. If Judaism is not to vanish in America it must return to its spiritual tenets, and must welcome the freedom of an open society, and not conduct a quiet warfare against it.

Rabbi Neusner closed his article in *Judaism* which such a kind of affirmation. He writes: "I do not fear, therefore, the opening of American society, but welcome it and look forward to the very rich and interesting contribution that Jewish-men may take to such a society. I do not despair that we can do nothing except within ghetto walls, nor do I believe that the best conditions for our survival are unhealthy ones. Judaism's history proclaims the opposite: the Jews are men and therefore flourish best in freedom. Judaism is a religion for men, and therefore offers its most enduring truths to an age in which humanity prospers, which must be an age of openness in society, of breadth of cultural alternatives, and depth of intimacy between man and man, and group and group."

Is the problem of freedom's challenge to Judaism being met by the current Jewish organizational and institutional structure which forbids intermarriage, urges immigration to Israel, either spiritual or physical, and states that Judaism cannot flourish or survive in a free society? If Jewish leaders simply urge young American Jews to segregate themselves, to marry only among themselves, and to direct their lives toward Jerusalem rather than Atlanta, or Boston, or Des Moines, they will find that Jewishness, in that sense, will indeed vanish. And who but such advocates of separateness would lament such a passing? It would be the culmination of the dreams of generations of Jewish leaders who yearned for liberty and citizenship on the same levels as other men. Prejudice kept Jews apart in previous ages and other countries, and a Jewish exclusivness is making an effort to achieve the same end today in America. It is not *real* Judaism which is in danger of vanishing, it is merely this counterfeit variety.

The American Jew is here to stay almost beyond a doubt, although he will be a particularly *American* Jew, untroubled by the constant fear of prejudice and exclusion and able to live affirmatively in a society of which he is an integral and intrinsic part.

The Jew who is in exile, who yearns for "next year in Jerusalem," will indeed vanish in America, as he should. For America is a unitary society affording an opportunity for religious liberty and diversity but also demanding an involvement more than was meant by the Jewish view of "diaspora." American Jews are simply Americans who happen to be of the Jewish faith. In any other sense they will vanish. In this sense they will not only survive, but may thrive and increase.

THE MOMENT

H. E. Francis

This:

My son, Bennie, sits on the floor. He is quiet for a change. Such a noisy kid usually! My wife and I have real trouble with him. Nights we walk the floor, Elsa mostly, but I am a light sleeper, a pin wakes me, so I talk. Elsa sleeps badly, and when she is overly tired I take the boy. She needs rest. Her eyes are getting dark lines, a little baggy. So young too. I feel it sometimes with hurt and shame, especially when she is doing fine work and her mouth sets taut wth the disapproving severity of a religious old lady. I want to touch out, to put my hands on her and fondle her and tell her: Elsa, can you feel me inside, how you are inside me, and I am aching with you? She sits on the wicker stool before the old Fireside, trying with some odd material she had stored away to make a new chair cover, thus restoring elegance to that last relic of, I am embarrassed to say, *her* family house. Her lips are pursed in that thin line, her eyes tired, but they move alert, efficient as her hands — feeling, measuring, saving.

Saving has made her thin. Why not? She works all the time, makes her clothes, the baby's, curtains, tablecloths, doilies. . . . All to save. And over her forehead her thick black hair (when did she last visit a hairdresser?) falls scraggly, in labor, though it is clean.

And the house too is impeccable. No wonder the baby can crawl on the floor. He could eat from it. In fact, he has a piece of zwiebach in his mouth, and his sound, a quiet almost inaudible crunch, is disturbing. Only that, and Elsa's needle as it pops through the heavy material.

"It'll wear long," she murmurs, readjusting the stool. I nod, raising the paper self-consciously, aware of its new sound in the other quiet sounds in the room. But what can I do? I do my best. I take what odd jobs I can get. But she says nothing, tightens her mouth, scrimps, plunges her needle.

The sounds go on. . . .

Night after night it is like this. But tonight the cat is in. One day I picked it up off the street, thinking maybe with a cat Bennie would not cry so much. It sits preening itself before the fireplace, tonguing with unhurried rhythm, a calm indifference about it which in itself is annoying. Bennie sees him. He flings the zwiebach from him, his eyes following the cat's movements with awed fascination. The cat looks up at the thrown zwiebach, goes over to it, sniffs, then sits on the spot and resumes its indifferent stroking.

A tiny thing, it can not be more than three months old. Keeping it was my idea, but when I watch Elsa's eyes following the cat across the room in a gaze of both pity and resentment — pity for such a lean body in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anything so young, resentment at the little food it must be given — then I quiver in anger at myself for having been so stupid, and I swear that I will do this and that to make up for it, though even while swearing I know they are lies, I will not live up to them. Still the kitten has brought the first spontaneous laughter into this dark place (we use lights only when absolutely necessary), and even my wife can see the humor in the scrawny creature. ("1929 on legs," she said in her sympathy when she fiirst saw it. So it was named 29.) But when the baby is asleep, the laughter goes, the walls of these dark rooms contract, a hungry stomach shrinking, an irritating reminder of things everywhere.

At such times I think thoughts that must make men shudder. Yet others too must think the same: my flesh —what's it growing into? what world will it move through? with what terror will it view things even I cannot prepare it for? And yes, I will confess it (for you will nod agreement within — "Yes, yes, I know"— though you will never say it)—the thought *has* entered: They do not *have* to endure it. You read it in the papers every day — Father of Three Shoots Wife, Children, Self. Is that not better than meandering through the pains — growth, marriage, childbirth, success, failure, separation, old age, death . . .? The picture is dismal. And I, have I inflicted this glorious misfortune on Bennie? But I wanted him, I tell myself. I wonder if I lie. Out of what immediate personal desire did I actually conceive him?

I look at Elsa, her loving glance at Bennie. Thank God he is chubby, a picture of health, despite the depression years. He is crawling toward 29. The kitten —whether conditioned to it or exhibiting that natural sympathy existent among the young — is relaxed. Bennie's hand reaches out, flexing its fingers in a desire for touch as he tries to coordinate eye and hand on 29. The kitten rolls over, an anemic curl of tan fur; its paws lash out delicately, withholding the claws in mutual playfulness.

Suddenly Bennie lunges: two hands, fast, grasp 29. Not even the look on Bennie's face is playful now; it is intent, serious, with a sudden gross maturity. He scoops the cat up, clutched tight. It squirms and whines out, pathetic weak cries cut off by Bennie's unyielding fingers. Ben's eyes open wide, his mouth too. He giggles as if in delight at the animal's dilemma. I am appalled at the joy in him! Elsa drops her needles, tumbles her basket in reaching for him. "Bennie!" she cries, "he'll scratch you!" Scratch him! "Be careful!" I cry to her, dropping the paper, going down on my knees beside her. "Bennie. No, no —easy, Bennie." I grasp his hands firmly and slide one hand down to open his fingers. But such a look! — a second of startled staring at me, his laughter stops, he continues staring, but his fingers defiantly clutch more tightly, dig into the kitten's neck until it emits an unexpectedly loud shriek — "Hurry!" Elsa says. "Here, hold his arms," I tell her, while I loosen his tiny fingers one by one. All the time he is staring. Not yet crying! I can't believe it. Is he filled with hatred for me that I have interfered? What is in him that we do not know? And at that moment I feel it too, yes, I hate him as all fathers inadmissibly hate part of themselves at given moments. I am helpless, weak, alone — but above all, ignorant, not knowing who he is. But I am determined now, he cannot win; I tear at his fingers; in dizzying angry triumph I jerk the cat free. With a screech 29 charges into the bedroom and at last Bennie belts the air with sudden screaming.

Alone, this recollection is enough to create in me a sharp, clear pain. I do not mean that the memory of it is constantly with me. No. In fact, it lies for long periods dormant in that dim close in my mind. Fortunately the mind is treacherous and does not warn us of the lightning approach of perceptions which strike into the chaos of memory, illuminating certain past moments with the thunderous clarity of revelation, making *all* the present. I know the anarchic mind mirrors the sudden moment, simultaneously reflects another, then another— all plunged with kaleidoscopic rapidity into one instantaneous present. So when the incident is recalled, my pain doubles, for conjoined with it, flashes that other moment: the hour of my grandfather's death. Only with the greatest effort can I succeed in retracing some detail of that hour. This incident, unlike the first, is a quick, total image, a moment more and more weakly etched in an encroaching darkness.

I was nine, a mature nine, all eyes and thought, with a sensitivity typical of the victim of too much solitude. I wanted to go 'out there.' In the darkness, where the road pitched invisibly down the island, cutting through sand and pines, I imagined the city lights, the escape

AGAINST CONTEMPT REALLY

Ah, the way people have contempt for things they
shouldn't have contempt for.
Ah, the way they don't know it.
Ah, the job here.
The contempt in people for the world they're in is
the material for the greatest work of beauty
yet.
The arrogance with which a person prefers himself
to seeing an object
Is the enemy mind has,
And beauty has double.
I am sentimental, gushy, spontaneous, not reserved
in this writing about contempt.
It is free verse, not tidy the way many people
understand tidiness;
But this verse is really against contempt:
And that's why there's a new and good prosody
Which says something to alcaics, sonnets,
villanelles, sprung rhythm, iambics, tight
verse of all kinds.
World, an upheaval which is prosody,
Against contempt,
And subletly and secrecy
Will be there, here:
And poetry will be here.

Eli Siegel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NAMDAEMOON

Night birds guard shadows in Korea.
Deprived of summer rain they rise
Blue in dust on swollen nights
When moon-trained soldiers walk.

Sergeant-of-the-guard coming soon
For me to walk on Namdaemoon,
Waking me from this half-dream,
Rifting the helmet from my eyes,

From the dark web in the shell
Where a freckled kid runs uphill
As howitzers clash with the dark
And tracer bullets burn like torches

Above the shadows of his eyes
Blinking in that darkness, as he falls,
Sideways in the mud like a clown,
His feet still runing in his boots,

The blood easing back in his mind,
Resisting an impulse to die,
As children will do in war games:
Dead until the game is over.

While lacing my boots I know
The night birds wait in shadows—
Waiting for me to rinse this dream
And walk uphill playing soldier,

Assaulting the rocks in the road
While guarding myself in the dark
With whispers for shadows in trees,
As night birds rise on Namdaemoon,

The dust on their wings sifting
Down into the air, down where
He lies in a leveled row,
Drawn with his feet to the harbor.

David M. Widener

from responsibility my father had taken, leaving me with my mother and a grandfather to take his place. I had come to look upon my grandfather as a tyrant.

Now he was dying. I was in the kitchen, my nose prickled, I remember, from the pungent, thick odor of the oil stove, of his several cats, and of the smell of food just vomited and lying sour in a chamber pot. (He could keep nothing down. The doctor had left hours before. There was nothing he could do. He would return later.) I could hear his breathing, fairly regular sometimes. The he woke up. He began to speak, to try to. Between sounds my mother's voice came clearly: "Now, Pa. It's all right. Yes, I'm here." Soft and consoling. There seemed nothing inherently terrible then, nothing final or dreaded. And I was bored. It was hot, smelly, but I couldn't leave. It would be disrespectful, and I did have some vaguely definite idea as to the import of the moment. Then my mother's voice broke firm: "*No,* Pa, not now — he's fine." The bed creaked. "Please, Pa, lie still." Then *his* voice rose. Several times he spoke, louder each time ". . . . umf" was all I could understand. She called me. "Get Triumph." "But, Ma!" I said instinctively, not knowing why. "Get him." I went out to the shed where Gramp kept his rooster, which my mother hated because often he let Triumph run loose in the house, indifferent to falling feathers, droppings, and incessant peckings.

I handed Triumph to her. Catching sight of him, my grandfather's eyes, until then unmoving, wavered, then fixed on the rooster. A hint of a smile came into his face and his thin arms rose in weak, uncoordinated flailing. Painfully he mumbled— "He wants it," she said. "Ma, don't — it'll peck his eyes out." She hesitated, considering, but when his arms rose again so weakly, it pained her. "Don't be silly," she said, "it's his own pet," and pressed the rooster carefully into his arms with, I suspect, love and respect for his last wishes that overcame any fear of danger. When his hands finally realized touch with Triumph, a sound came from Gramp's throat. He was laughing; His mouth, without false teeth, spread like a rubber band, drawing up his chin close to his long nose; his eyes almost closed; water trailed down his cheeks; and I saw clearly the Adam's apple work desperately under his chickenskin neck. But when his hands tightened mercilessly, the rooster screeched. "Pa, *please.* That's enough," Ma said. From his own throat came deep, hurtful gasps. "Pa!" she cried. But he was beyond hearing then, his face lit up with it, his eyes fixed still on Triumph. He wants to take it with him, I thought. Even while's he's dying, he's just a tyrant. But I didn't see any more, my mother turned me around, she pushed me out of the room. But she could not cut off the sounds. I sat huddled still in a chair until the chokes and the shrieks tearing at the air had stopped.

Each of these recollections has occasionally flashed into my mind. Since his death, I have carried the image of that greedy old man desiring to carry off his possessions even into death. And whenever I recalled Bennie's face, I was filled with a nameless fear at the cruel joy there; I felt gnawing at me a question which would not delineate itself.

But I wish to relate another incident as unlike these as earth to sky, yet it will serve as an empyrean which contains and gives shape to the lesser spheres and without which the other two might move forever in dark, meaningless chaos.

Bennie and Martha came yesterday, the usual Sunday get-together. Off and on, into the evening, Bennie Jr. cried. Teething. Perhaps I am getting old or read too much of the time or have for too many years now lost the habit of enduring children. The crying irritated me. Not bad enough that there are children by the dozen in this development — crying, screaming, laughing; but it was hot, no air conditioning, only the electric fan. We came to the subject of teeth. Bennie Jr.'s fault.

"Get braces someday when he's old enough, Martha," Elsa said.

"Hey, hold it, Ma! He's not no teeth yet!" Bennie said.

"Well, if they're like yours, you get braces — that's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all. You can afford them. For you, your father couldn't buy them. The depression. No need to tell you, though. I guess you remember."

I cut in then. "What braces?" She had never asked — not once made mention of braces, depression or any other time. "What's this, braces?"

"Pa, Pa, Pa—" Martha tried to smooth it over.

"Pa *hell!*" I said. But I was sorry, naturally, "Martha," I said after a while, "you know how excited I get."

"Sure Pa." She smiled forgivingly.

But after they had gone, the argument went on. Elsa preserved a silence that lay like intolerant omniscence over the place — in her glance an answer for each thought before it was spoken. Occasionally I goaded without intending it. "Don't you remember?"

"What's to remember?" she cried. "There was nothing — *nothing,* that's all." And when, later, as if repenting, she tried to make amends, so irritated was I that I now offered in retort an unconcerned silence.

Finally she went to bed and left me sitting with the newspaper.

Lying beside her later, listening to her untroubled breathing, my abated fury kindled slightly. Soon I thought all those forbidden thoughts most men feel at some time — Why go through with it? Why hang on this way? Why? Better to go off somewhere, with someone else. Always it ended with a momentary desire to strike, beat, even to kill, so momentary that in retrospect most of us would not dare admit it for fear of being branded insane.

I put on the light (I do not know why, perhaps to dispel my thoughts) and I looked at Elsa. Fifty-four now. Tired. Worn. Graying. Her mouth downdrawn in sleep, slack, dry, pale. In her face only the slightest suggestion of pink. I could not bear it. Where was the girl in her, my Elsa? Discomfort came over me and the first warm flush of shame — yes, shame! I reached for the light, and as I did so, my eyes fell on her neck, more precisely on the pulsing on it. I drew my hand away from the lamp and very carefully touched the pulsing area. I felt the blood beating and beating. For a long time I kept my fingers there. Powerless, I went on watching her neck. It went on beating and beating. I did not know what happened then, but I did not want to remove my fingers. I wanted to hold them there forever. And as suddenly I was terribly calm. I was happy.

I felt myself caught up in the movement under my fingers as if it were the only thing that mattered. It was then that both those other scenes plunged into my mind. "Bennie! Gramp!" A terrible remorse came over me for having so long condemned them for cruelty. For I felt myself caught up in the movement under my fingers. And I felt defiance. No, I would not take my hand away. I felt their defiance in me.

I had an overpowering urge then: I bent down. I put my lips to her throat. I opened my mouth wide and lay my tongue softly against her pulsing neck. I closed my eyes, feeling the movement pass through me. And then she stirred. She turned. She drew me close, and for a long time we clutched each other in the darkness.

Corsica

Charles Wright

The road was built into a long slow curve down the center of the hill and, except for the street sweeper and two cars, we were alone on it all the way to the bottom where it leveled out and ran along the bay and under the large sycamores which lined the sides of the Promenade des Quais, the main square of the town. We were going back down to catch the morning bus south; there were only two of them a day: one in the morning and the other at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was August and we had been on Corsica two days.

By the time we had got down to the bottom of the hill, however, people were starting to come out of doors, shop windows were unshuttered, and there were more cars on the road. When we got to the Cafe Bonnin we put our suitcases down, which by that time were much too heavy after the long walk from the hotel, and ordered breakfast. The front of the Cafe Bonnin looked like a building in the French Quarter of New Orleans with its permanent steel awning and the wrought-iron balconies above it. We sat in wicker chairs facing out toward the Promenade on the other side of the street and the sun was just high enough out of the water to be in the middle of the branches of the sycamores, and it threw long, exaggerated shadows of leaf-shapes across the street and around the tables where we sat. They moved slightly back and forth on the cement sidewalk whenever the wind would gust a little. We were the only people at the cafe, and as the one waiter was also putting up the umbrellas over the tables across the street — the painted ones with the Pernod and Casanis advertisements on them — we had to wait awhile for our coffee. When it finally came, with the croissants, the waiter at the cafe next to ours began to water the flower boxes and the sound of the water was cool as it sprayed on the concrete.

As I write this back in Rome, Mary is trying on clothes, deciding what to take to Greece next week. The first real rain of the summer is sifting down outside and the air is cooler than it has been for months. It is hard to remember the way the big weight of the heat lowered down on us in the morning back in Bastia, or the way the sky looked at the edges of existence, before it flattened out to meet the horizon back northward toward the Alps — ice-blue, its color streaking down toward the corners as the sun went up higher and higher.

Bastia is, I believe, the largest city on the island, and its principal port. Except for the lovely street running

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

along the waterfront, it is undistinguished except as an arrival, or departure, point. We used it for both. We were leaving that morning for Ajaccio, on the far side of the island, by bus. That is, Mary and I were. Lee, who was travelling with us, was going by train. As there were mountains to be crossed, he had decided he would feel safer if his life were not in the hands of a Mediterranean bus driver. After two years in Africa, he had said, he had become overly cautious in regard to buses. We, on the other hand, after some experience in Mexico and Greece, felt the rising excitement at the inevitable war of nerves; and we were sure we would have a better look at the landscape from the bus. As it was, we were right on both counts, and Lee spent most of his trip in deep valleys and tunnels.

So, as we finished the last of our coffee and watched a beer truck driver rolling the kegs into the darkness of the Cafe Bonnin, and the water running out of the flower boxes into the gutter, we were excited at the idea of what we might find on the other side of the mountains.

Once out of Bastia the road almost immediately hits the foot hills, and then quickly the mountains. At their bottoms, on the Italy-facing side of the island, they are fairly barren and rocky; the vineyards are only in the foothills and the valleys. Soon we were up very high and the road began to turn in on and around itself like sheep guts and the peaks around us looked like the Dolomites in northern Italy. After Corte, once the seat of the Kingdom of Corsica, it was all uphill, all the way to the divide. And, except for Corte, the towns along the way were more or less alike: the highway split them, and the houses were never deep back from either side of it. At Vivrano, where the bus made a short rest stop, there was a small 'place' off to the right-hand side of the road, away from the valley. The men were sitting under the chestnut trees in the heavy mountain wind, drinking anis and playing cards. There were four or five of the chestnut trees in the 'place', and their leaves were quite big and flopped noisily in the wind. As it was already tending toward autumn up there the green chestnut bolls were on the trees with their light-green thorns shining when the wind blew the leaves under-side up and the sunlight hit them. They had not yet started to fall, however. There were several tables out under the trees and all of them were filled by men playing cards. It was before noon so they had probably been sitting there all morning in the sun and playing cards while the wind knocked about in the trees above them, never getting down to their level as it was blowing up from the valley and the rock wall along the valley side of the road shot the wind upward and into the trees on a rising angle, and then up the mountain. Mary and I went into the cafe and had a sandwich and a beer while we were waiting for the bus to start back up and watched the men at the tables through the window. Then we went back outside and looked down into the valley and at the mountains which ran up the far side of it, not so tall as the ones behind us toward the divide, but tall enough to have a timber line, and solid rock above this line. Smaller valleys drained off the mountains, corrugating the upper side of the valley. The valley was splotchy green and brown, which meant vineyards.

In the last five miles or so before the divide, the landscape became Alpine, with huge spruce and pine trees and the soft forest floors that such places have. And as the bus climbed higher toward the gap, I began thinking of the last time I had seen such a landscape, back in northern Italy years before when I had been out on maneuvers in the army. It was late autumn, then, and there had been the first snowfall of the season a few days before we had gone up from Verona. I had gone up by helicopter all the way to the big valley at Brunico, and, coming down, the sun had started to set, throwing long straight shadows like knife blades down through the spruce trees on the hillsides onto the valley floor. And then I remembered how the next day I drove in an open jeep over to Udine in the cold morning air, then down towards Conigliano until the Dolomites and the other Alps fell behind and the land began to settle

FOR MY SISTER, CONTEMPLATING DIVORCE

Our father
married for good, we know now.
Not so
the rest of us, we know now.
Like the escapee
who says breaking out can't be
done, our parents
warned us not to
be too quick to
grow up. We thought
their great heights
gave them sickness.
And went ahead.
If my first wife was wife
not for two years
it was not for not
trying. Nor could mother
be accused of giving
her second husband
no chance. Foolishness
occurs to us,
has run so far in our family
before and after
long marriages. Now welcome to
the fold, black wooly Ruby.
How do we know
how we're doing
until we do, do, do?
Everyone tries. Who's to say
twelve years has been
too long to?

Feb., '63

Marvin Bell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and stretch out, becoming fertile again around the Tagliamento and Piave rivers — there the snow disappeared as you saw the olive trees and the wire-stretched fields of picked vineyards already browning in the new cold weather; how it had been to wake up in the morning back at Brunico inside the eider-down bag, the struggle into the wool-lined fatigue pants and shaving outside using the side mirror of the jeep, your breath coming out like smoke so that you had to breathe sideways, out of the corner of your mouth, or else the mirror became clouded and useless; how we then got the maps showing unit positions we were to inspect that morning; the drive into the nearest village for hot coffee before starting out across the valley and back into the hills, the snow like powdered sugar on everything and already starting to go, to leave a few weeks more of good weather before the real snows came to lock the little villages in for the winter. The snow poles were already staked into the banks alongside the highway when we drove back down to Verona at the end of the maneuvers.

As soon as we crossed over the divide we didn't see another pine tree all the way to Ajaccio. The open side of the island, the side facing the Mediterranean and Spain, was all scrub growth. It must have been the winds off the sea and the salt air, for the entire landscape was brown, with low growth and thick, coarse grasses and rocky soil. There was nothing left of the Alpine as soon as we leveled out at the gap.

We stayed in Ajaccio only long enough to meet Lee at the railroad station, eat lunch, and discover that there were no rooms to be had anywhere in town. When we left we had hoped to stop in Sartene, about three hours down the island, but found no rooms there either. It was not so bad not finding anything in Ajaccio, for the town did not look especially good — the outskirts reminded you of the outskirts of a larger Mexican town, but without the good wilderness and sense of mystery which makes Mexico such an exciting place —, but Sartene was a medieval town, clamped onto the side of a mountain, and had that dark, inviting look which makes you want to stay and explore. We had to take the same bus out which we had come in on. So in one day we went from Bastia to Bonifacio, a trip we had hoped to stretch out to almost a week.

About an hour or so after we left Sartene behind in a bluish twilight, Bonifacio washed up out of the darkness and floated there ahead like some huge ship loose on the ocean. For it lies out on a tongue of land somewhat apart from the mainland, and high above the sea, on sheer cliffs. We could see it the moment we came over the last hills miles back inland, but then lost it again in the dips and curves of the road until we were almost at the bottom of the cliffs. The town has two entrances, both over medieval draw-bridges, now stabilized and supported by permanent underpinnings. Only one of these entrances is used for motor travel, however; the other leads directly into the remains of the old citadel and is restricted to pedestrians and bicycles. The search for rooms was no less frenzied and frustrating in Bonifacio than it had been elsewhere on the island. Both of the two small hotels in the upper town were full, and so were the ones down at the port, about a ½ mile by road at the bottom of the cliffs. The only thing we came up with was an invitation to spend the night in some ladder-back chairs in the rear of a bar, which, given the circumstances, was extremely hospitable. So we stood down by the yacht harbor in the cold night wind blowing up the Mediterranean and watched the left-overs of meals being scraped from dishes in the bellies of the warm-looking yachts, and at the lobsters being served and eaten in the restaurants across the street; backed up to the sea with no further towns to try, we finally decided that stiff-backed chairs in a bar were better than this wind and this concrete. But it was not to be the bar for us that night, for the owner himself had found a woman who would let us stay in her bedroom for the night while her husband was out at sea. The next day we found rooms of our own and settled down in Bonifacio for awhile and at last had our vacation.

In the mornings we would go swimming. To get to the beach we went up the hill from the port and then back down the other side to where the beach lay back under the cliffs. For the port was on the narrow inlet between the mainland and the tongue where the town was built, and not on the sea itself. From the beach we could see, about 500 feet above us and to the right, the back side of the town which had been built right up to the cliffs' edge; to the left the mainland dwindled down and into the sea out where the lighthouse was; and across the water, say 12 miles, the coast of Sardenia built up clouds on the horizon, making a huge and changing sky. From where we were, and because of the haze, Sardenia seemed never to quite form, but to float there, ready at any moment to suddenly clear, become stationary, became land. But it never did, perhaps because the sun was always in our eyes and behind Sardenia; so it remained somewhat ghostly, an almost-island under the enormous cloud banks in the sky — not cloud, not ocean, and not quite land. So we swam in the clear, rock-bottomed water and watched these things and read books. One day I spent the morning picking up different colored pieces of glass which the sea had worn round and smooth by washing them over the beaches and in the water. Another day, after we had left the beach, but before going back down to the port, we walked, Mary and I, out towards the lighthouse along the rims of the cliffs and watched the transparent sea below us cover and uncover the rocks on the bottom; and watched the sea gulls when they would start down below the cliffs looking for an air current, would find one, catch it, then lock their wings out and shoot up the face of the cliffs, turning and steadying themselves so that they would stay in the up-draft, and rocket up over the cliffs where we were standing, then ride the current up and up and out and down toward Sardenia until they disappeared in the sun and sea haze and the distance. One afternoon, after lunch, we walked back inland from the coast. All of the land, everywhere we walked was fenced in by low stone walls; and inside these walls was nothing but rocky soil and scrub growth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nothing was being cultivated; for miles and miles these fences closed in unworkable and forbidding-looking fields. Perhaps there were cork trees somewhere behind the scrub growth, or olive trees. But we saw nothing; only more rocks to build more fences. The entire southern tip of Corsica was like that.

The town of Bonifacio is grey, dark grey, the houses tall and thin, the streets extremely narrow and dark. The town itself is completely enclosed within the walls of the old fortress except for the back side where it had been unnecessary due to the cliffs. A caserne of the French Foreign Legion occupies the flat plain which opens off to the one side and runs out the length and to the tip of the tongue of land. At one corner of the town, just inside the entrance at the pedestrian drawbridge, there are two houses which face each other across a street. In one of them the Emperor Charles V of Spain stayed for several days in the 1500s; and in the other Napoleon Bonaparte, then a lieutenant Colonel, visited with relatives for several months in the 1790s; and these are the two town monuments. The town was actually founded by Genoese traders back before the Renaissance, and to this day the people speak a patois that is different from the normal Corsican dialect, and they all seem to have Italian names. But then, so does everyone else on the island.

In the late afternoons we would sit at the Cafe des Amis down by the yacht harbor and drink anis, which, when the water was poured in, paled to the same color as the limestone cliffs across the harbor. We would sit there and look at the boats or the 'bocce' games going on in the dirt back over where the buses parked for the night. Or we would just sit and talk and wait for the sun to go down and argue about where we would eat that evening.

The last we saw of Corsica was the day after we had left it. From the window of our room in Santa Teresa di Gallura, on Sardenia, we could see it back across the straits as the sun hit it, yellowing the limestone cliffs below Bonifacio with a long flash just before setting; the air was as clear as after a rain. And behind the town, miles inland, like a wall, the high mountains stood under the clouds in the lower levels of the sky.

EPILOGUE

Back in Rome, the pieces of colored glass which I picked up that morning on the beach at Bonifacio, now in a bowl of water, catch the sunlight when it comes in through the window, and, if the angle is right, they shoot off lines of colors over the room. And we remember the white waters of Corsica.

A Television Spectacular

Francis Murray

Since it was billed as an evening of spectacular television entertainment ("the show of the century" was the way the ads put it), Tosca and I took every precaution to insure that we wouldn't be disturbed during the 6-hour cultural enema.

So, as soon as the dinner dishes had been put in the Scrub-O-Matic (it automatically washes them and sets the table for the next meal), we: 1) put the cat out; 2) disconnected the telephone; 3) turned off all the lights; 4) assumed our favorite positions in front of the Tudor-style color TV set. Then Tosca, as she invariably does, shushed me. This would be the last verbal communication between us for the rest of the evening.

". . . our sponsor," the announcer said in a resonate baritone, his eyes half closed, as I turned on the set with the remote control foot pedal. The commercial cut to two skinny, 30-year-old women talking on the steps of a small church somewhere in the hinterland. The models (looking as though they had been coached by Marlon Brando) were heavily doused in all of the latest beauty aids; they had on eyelashes roughly the size of a Burundi ceremonial fly whisk; and they were over-dressed in the current Yves St. Laurent concoctions, one of which was one-half of an ostrich.

"Why, Rachel," one of them said.

"Ophelia, darling. How in the world are you?"

"Just fine, my dear. But I hardly recognized *you*. Where did you get such a gorgeous, dissipated, washed-out look?" the first one asked, looking seductively into the camera and batting her eyelashes like the death pangs of a Gypsy moth.

"Oh, I owe it all to NO-TAN, darling."

"NO-TAN?"

"Yes, it's that marvelous new peppermint-striped cream in the chartreuse and purple jar that returns your sunburned, tanned summer skin to its natural, chalky, mid-winter pallidness."

She removed a jar from her skunk-skin purse to show in close-up.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How adorable. Why when I saw you at prayer meeting last Wednesday you were as brown as a ginger snap. Now look at you. As pale as a *Vogue* cover girl."

"Yes, I can't recommend NO-TAN enough. All of my friends simply adore it. And, of course, it contains our exclusive, patented, envious ingredient, MUD-58."

"Well, tell me, darling, where can *I* get NO-TAN?" the half-ostrich wanted to know.

"Just any place, darling. I usually pick up a couple of jars at the service station where George gets gas."

"Splendid. I'll ask Bill to stop on the way home and get me some NO-TAN. Will I see you at the Moose Milking Contest tonight?"

"Oh, my, yes. We wouldn't miss it for the world. 'Bye."

The commercial ended and the cameras zeroed in on two sleepy, unsmiling men sitting at a table smoking. The word NO-TAN was prominently displayed in 6-ft.-high letters behind them; it flashed on and off like a third-class hotel sign in a Red Light district. Periodically, a long-legged blonde wearing a bikini (with NO-TAN stenciled in 72-point Bodoni Campanile across her abdomen) strolled into camera range carrying pieces of paper on a sterling silver tray.

"And now we return you to Traffic Central in Chicago."

"Yes, this is Bret Nutley . . ."

"And Avril Wiggly."

". . . speaking to you from the National Safety Council headquarters, bringing you Death Watch 1965. From time to time we'll call in Ron Dancer, who is wet-nursing our $5 million Electronic Traffic Death Analysis System—ETDAS for short—and who will be using data from this elaborate UNIVAC computing network to project in advance the state-by-state traffic deaths and injuries on the nation's highways during this Christmas-New Year's holiday season. Well, Avril, how is the count coming along?"

"We show 286 deaths on the Over-All Traffic Death Board," he said, scanning the large wall chart. "Mind you, that is the actual count, not a projection."

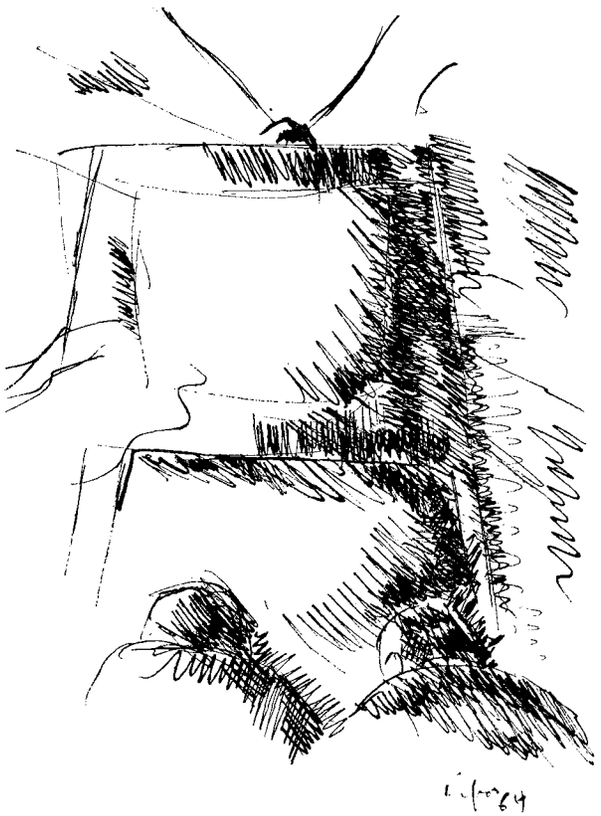
"And how many injuries?"

"Let's see. 14,142."

"Isn't that a little more than last year, Avril?"

"That's right, Bret. By about 200. Of course, the death count is down by about 13 so far."

"Not counting that 15-car pile-up in Utah?"



"That's right. But there were only 8 people killed in that wreck."

"I see. Well, why don't we show the folks a re-run of those Utah pictures?"

"That's a splendid idea. Our UNIVAC had predicted the accident in advance, so our NO-TAN cameraman was on the scene 12 minutes beforehand. He got some marvelous shots."

The accident pictures were projected on the set in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newsreel fashion. They showed a jumbled mass of twisted metal and disfigured bodies. Clearly visible in the background was a large NO-TAN billboard depicting a pasty-faced young woman in a bikini riding in a flying saucer. Amid the wreckage were 8 bodies being covered with blankets, and, to one side, a less seriously injured woman was being loaded into an ambulance, which had a conspicuous NO-TAN commercial on the side facing the camera.

"Isn't the sound dead, Avril?"

"Must be, Bret. We were supposed to pick up the screams from that woman lying beside the cow there on the roadbed."

"Is she dead?"

"The cow?"

"No, the woman."

"I think she is now. The earlier pictures showed her screaming for her husband."

"Is he dead?"

"No. That's him over there with the broken neck. See, the one with part of the steering wheel still in his hands."

"Oh, yeah. Now I see him. By that 1964 Chevrolet."

"That's right. The one with the Type O blood all over the hood."

"Now, Bret, don't you think it would be a good idea . . ."

"Just a minute, Avril. There's been a terrific smash-up just outside Springfield . . ."

"Massachusetts, Ohio or Illinois?"

"Illinois I think. The computer was a little vague on . . . "We switch you immediately to Druid Lipton in Springfield."

"Come in, Druid."

"This is Druid Lipton at the NO-TAN microphone in Springfield, Missouri. I am talking to you directly from the scene of a 4-car wreck that killed 6 adults and 1 child. As you see, some of the victims are being given the last rites of the church. Don't be alarmed by that cord at the lower left of your screen. It's just blood plasma for an unconscious man right under my microphone. One moment, please, while I step over this amputated leg. Now . . . ah . . . Madam, were you a witness to this crash?"

"No, no, no," she sobbed softly, shaking her head from side to side. "I was *in* it. Lost my husband and my little boy. He was only 5. My only child. Ahhhhh, I think both of my arms are broken. That's one of my fingers over there by that beer can. Just a baby he was. Only 5. He would have been 6 next month. January 18. For God's sake, give me something for this pain . . ."

"Watch out, Madam! You're getting blood . . ."

"My whole family wiped out just like that. Oh, God, what am I going to do? That's my little boy right over there. The one with the red hair. Under that grey and brown blanket with the royal blue trim. We were on our way to spend the Christmas . . . water . . . water! Will someone please give me some water. I think I'm going to . . ."

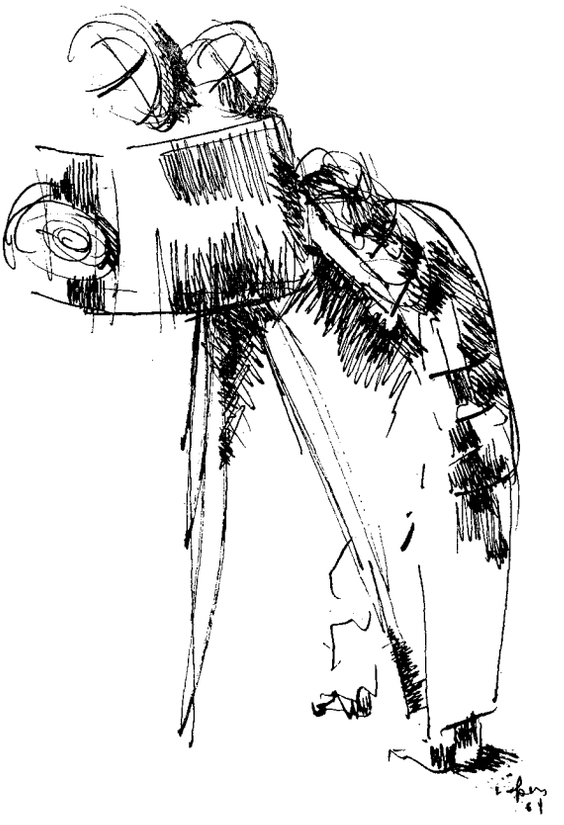
"Well, thank you, Madam, for that marvelous eye-witness report. Please accept with our compliments this new, Gargantuan-size jar of NO-TAN. It's the wonderful new cosmetic in the chartreuse and purple jar that's *just right* for every skin. Now this is David Lipton at the NO-TAN mike in Springfield returning you to Chicago."

"Thanks, Druid. That was a fine job of reporting. And weren't those pictures simply fantastic, Avril."

"I'll say, Bret. The sound was sensational, too. Was he using one of those shotgun mikes?"

"Evidently. The lady was nice, too. Was she wearing a wig?"

"No, I don't think so. Her hair probably got mussed up like that when she was thrown through the windshield."



"And now, tonight's in-depth analysis is brought to you by Pike's Peak, the cigarette that has *everything*."

The commercial showed a wind-blown blonde with a plunging neckline standing in front of a dummy airplane. Even over the sound of the motors she sounded as though she had a heavy cold (the reason was soon self evident), and she was puffing on a cigarette like an overheated tea kettle.

"Hello. This is Lobolene Leff, speaking to you on the set of my latest picture, 'The Last Plane Out of Johnson City.' Are you smoking less but craving it more? Huh? Well, why don't you switch to Pike's Peak? Like I did."

She energetically puffed some more to make sure that everyone knew she was smoking a cigarette.

"You see, Pike's Peak are those marvelous, new, super-size cigarettes with not one—but two—exclusive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gravelite Filters . . . one for each nostril. Here's all you do. Just break off the filters from the end of the cigarette, like this, and stick one up each side of your nose. Like this. You see, Pike's Peak filter the smoke that you *exhale*. And that's very important because you can smoke all you want in the most intimate surroundings and not be afraid of smelling up the room or your clothing. Instead it leaves the room mountain-top fresh; cool and crisp as a December morning. When you are through, simply remove the filters with the little plastic tweezers that come with every pack. Like this. Of course, if you chain-smoke like I do, just leave the filters in your nose. They're good for up to a whole day. So rush out and get a carton of Pike's Peak right now. You'll love them. I know I do."

The cameras then switched to a large arena roughly the size of Yankee Stadium. Dozens of gigantic computing machines were in operation, their lights blinking like a scene from one of those B-grade Hollywood science fiction movies. Hundreds of people were dashing about carrying piles of papers and oil cans. Then an owl-faced young man with a crew-cut came on in close-up. He wa seating a peanut butter sandwich.

"This is Ron Dancer holding down the fort at the Electronic Traffic Analysis System. With 93% of the Holiday over, we are predicting that Texas will wind up with the largest number of traffic deaths, 48. California will be second with 44 and Illinois third with 43."

He put the sandwich down and began sipping coffee.

"Now here are some fascinating facts that ETDAS has come up with," he continued. "There has been a 13% increase over 1964 in wrecks involving blue 2-door Dodges with white side-wall tires and the ashtrays full. By the same token, there has been a 24% decrease in accidents involving red Ford convertibles with TV in the back seat and leaking radiators. It is also curious that, in Pennsylvania alone, there are 36% fewer 1962 black Cadillacs with front-right dented fenders being smashed up."

He took another bite out of the sandwich.

"Significantly, ETDAS finds that 12% more blue-eyed Irishmen with college degrees are being killed on the nation's highways, compared with 1964. But there has been a marked increase—28% to be exact—in the number of red-headed Catholic Norwegians with dermatitis who have died. And the number of green-eyed Italians on the road who don't like opera seem to be holding their own with last year, but there has been a drop by about 6% in the number of left-handed Brazilians with General Motors stock driving 1963 Ramblers. Now I think that's about it from here for the moment. While I light up a Pike's Peak, why don't we go back to Traffic Central?"

"Thank you, Ron, for that splendid analysis. We'll get back to you later. But first, Avril, perhaps it's time to go through the 50-state breakdown of the death toll thus far?"

"Wonderful, Bret. Of course, there will be 51 reports this year because we are including the District of Columbia for the first time. I see in checking the Over-All Traffic Death Board that the count has gone up to 311. But, remember this is the actual count, not on ETDAS prediction."

"Very well, here goes."

Alabama — 2
Alaska — 0
Arizona — 2
Arkansas — 3
California — 32
Colorado — 4
Connecticut — 6

As each state was announced, the camera showed an outline of the state, with the number of traffic deaths superimposed over a jar of NO-TAN. The counting was still in progress. . . .

New Mexico — 1
New York — 28
North Carolina — 5
North Dakota — 1
Ohio — 27
Oklahoma — 11
Oregon — 3

. . . as we settled back to watch the remaining hours of some spectacular American television. When next I looked at Tosca, she was curled up in her chair, snoring, a warm, plastic smile threatening to cloud up her now not-so-tense face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOME

E. S. Rock

The old man came home on a perfect haying day, walking in out of the empty blue and gold, the motionless heat, when the men and Susie, done to a turn under the bare June sun, had quit for dinner. Susie and Sam, the colored hand, were washing up at the outside pump while JT drove the neighbor men home for their meal. Ma wouldn't feed them, too many and too dirty; as it was she had come in from the fields almost an hour early to get the food on the table. Susie was fooling with a piece of cloth tied over the pump spout to keep the bugs out of the tin drinking cup, trying to put it back tight where it was slipping loose when she heard the hand say, There's your Pa, and she looked up, curious enough since she'd given him up some time back. He was standing not a yard away holding Bug from where he'd fetched him out of the dust, naked toes hooked onto the stranger's belt, big-eyed, and squirming to be let down where his Pa had left the foamy spit bottle in the soft, tawny dirt, instead of where he got set on the stone steps where Ma splashed the dishwater, cold and floated with fat sparkles, when she had dipped thru the last of the dinner plates.

The man was a foreigner all right, going in toward the pump, his boots in split tongues of leather and short strings tied over and over with knots, ragged jeans hanging from his hipbones, a blue workshirt with buttons missing open clean to the belly, and between his head and the sun a tore-up hat more straws than shape which he threw off him onto the ground. He was a stranger thinner than he'd been when he wasn't one, when he wore overalls and a heavy, buttoned-up shirt shutting off the coarsening of the sun so the skin beneath was soft and whiter, more feminine, than his daughter's reddened, scrappy texture. On impulse at once she wanted to ask whether he'd stay but knowing how foolish it would sound and maybe anger him when he'd come only that moment, she held her tongue and Sam did the welcoming like any accustomed neighbor drawing up to the cool, perspiring pump in the midday harvest blaze.

Howdy, Mister Worthington, he said. Hot day, ain't it.

Howdy, Susie Jane. Sam. Sure is.

He nodded at Sam, their familiarity gluing together into the shape it had known since the first harvest the colored man had hired in, Sary had hired him, as he pulled off the wrecked shirt—the smells of his body coming with it in one great peel—and threw it down by the broken straws of the hat, exposing his back and ribby chest burnt black and the nipple hair lying down matted like grass in a swamp, stuck together with sweat, from where God knows, there was nothing about his arid, skinny body to suggest juices flowing inside. He worked the pump handle up and down, put his head in the stream upsidedown eying his daughter's four-inch, three-years' growth through sheeted bubbles of cool, thinking, Lawd, where did I get this muley girl? Look at the size of those big, flat bones and not yet growed. Her Ma had put her to work in the crops, that was easy to see in the muscles, the deep, flushing tan already in June and freckles almost joining, bridging from ear to ear. Now why did she do that? He had left JT behind and the boy should have been enough. Except for harvest he had managed by himself while the children were small. In the beginning he hadn't wanted his wife to go to the fields; later he couldn't stop her. He didn't like the looks of his daughter's strength. Women belong in the house.

He ran his hands thru his hair, putting it down still thick, grey-black without the top soil and the white froth of the water, and, slaunch-wise, considered the girl again. She was newly round above and below for all of her big bones and height. What a difference! When he left, she was chicken feeding, bringing eggs and helping with the milking. Sary had kept her in print flour-sack dresses and perhaps half the shock was seeing her in men's pants and a work shirt, washing with the hired hand and not being able to imagine the little garments of her childhood on that stretched frame. Making talk, he asked, Did you build the chickenhouse? Coming up the road he had seen it, new and painted, every shingle nailed exactly overlapping the next. That was Sary. Or maybe JT. Like his Ma, everything was done right, sometimes five times over. When he had left, the old henhouse was a-sag on one buttock, the slats half off and the roof dipping into Susie's hair as she bent inside gathering the eggs.

The old one blew down.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where had he been that he hadn't heard? He didn't look as if he'd exactly prospered. Should she ask him in? She reckoned he'd come if he wanted to.

We had a twister summer before last touched down outside of Boggy Depot. Took off Gemello's barn and house roof. We lost the hens, too, but there wasn't many.

He knew that. Down to twenty when he left. How many now? It galled his soul to see the new henhouse and paint on the barn. The last year had been a good one, that was his hellish luck, and the boy would not be welcoming. He dried his hands on his dirty shirt tails and threw the blue rag back on the ground.

Pushing out from the shadow of the kitchen porch, Bug came back thru the screen door, pointing his spit bottle at Pa as if he were an old dust weed blown in from the next farm and dragging his Ma by the apron. Her hair, thin, a strong brown, was pinned up in a halo braid and she wore—nothing was changed—a straight cotton dress with a small print and over it a cotton apron, one for the kitchen, one for the field, of another print bound in a solid bias tape which fastened in back with straps and a sash and covered her from shoulders to the calf hem. She was sterile and stiff, he could tell her bones, they had looked and stared upon him. A straight piece of tough leather dipped in starch and sun-bleached. Without changing expression she gave him her welcome on the step.

JT ain't back yet? Well, never mind that. He'll be along. Come on in, you two, and get your dinner while it's hot.

Swooping up Bug she set him, a rag passed over his hair and ears skimming off the dust layer that colored him instead of clothes above the white of his diaper, on his stool by the table where Bertie, the town twin sister, was waiting to be served, all of a sudden seeing Cole like a revelation and letting out a gasp more like a belch than surprise. He gave her a howdy, matter-of-fact, and set himself down in the old place, moving the glass of buttermilk that was his wife's out of his way and taking Susie's cup full of coffee and milk over by him.

Outside, from the dark of the cistern where at daybreak he had lowered it into the holding cool, the hand had hauled up his own dinner in a bucket. He chewed, carefully joining his lonely teeth, his back against the old walnut tree while JT washed up at the pump, telling him that the old man was home, shabby and dirty and likely poor (saying this carefully not to offend) so that when he came in half-dry and set down, he came prepared, a tight look to his mouth and thinking already, It's just like the old bastard to wait 'til the haying's almost done before he shows up. He gave a short greeting and then Ma set down the bowls of fluffy mashed potatoes and peas, pickled peaches, strawberry relish, homemade bread and fresh butter, and milk gravy with lumps of giblets as big around as a man's little finger floating in it to go with the two fried chickens, plump and juicy, wishbones cut out separately and the Deacon's nose, Pa remembered, a special treat for the baby. There would be cake or pie for dessert, likely cherry this time of year. His mouth was running almost beyond endurance but he kicked back his chair with a good will while Ma reached for the daily pray book, standing while the rest bowed their heads toward their laps with his eyes fastened on God's while he thanked Him—Thy Will be Done, Lord! Truly he meant it—short, but powerful, coming from the gut, before he fell back into his chair, the bent fork thru two chicken legs before his backsides touched the seat.

Ma tidied Bug, tying the napkin around so that the ends stuck up behind his head like jack rabbit ears, and started in heartily on a piece of breast, not looking at Cole, chit-chatting with Bertie who was staring for two, her mouth hanging open until he, half a chicken done away, looked up in good spirits and told her, Your fly-catcher's open. She shut it with a snap and went to eating, crooking her hand in his direction deliberately for him to notice her star ruby ring while Sary and JT talked out the haying, what was left to be baled and stored in the barn before the end of the week because on Monday it was Gemello's turn, if the weather held. JT spoke without a smile, saying *I* many times, telling his Ma as much as she was telling him and not including the old man who was paying no attention, feeling the tension and willing, for the space of a tired day or so, to put off the assumption of his rights, the expection

RUMINATIONS WHILE TIED TO A TABLE

A bare forked animal sprawled out to Allah
I listen to the surgeons chat of golf
and weddings while they slice and tear my flesh.
It's all in a day's work, and I'm a sport.
I tell the boy he'll be a man tomorrow,
at least in law, and fit to father children;
he teases the tumor on my nape, and swears.

The blood which drips along my jaw is salty,
the legacy of Mother Sea; it blocks my nose.
The filtered air is cooled to soothe the surgeons;
but sweaty and shivering I can't quite hear
the old man's tale of sand traps, for his blade
crunches my flesh like steps on new snow.
Aimed at the floor I can see only white shoes.

Once while I lay here, they sent me away;
I didn't have to chat with the sporty crowd
that hacked at my cadaver. I stayed out
a day while they chipped bone and pared the dead
from living flesh. The jokes they cracked, the loves
they planned, the games they lied I do not know.
I claimed what stuff they left—no questions asked.

They're sewing now. We tell the boy his bride
will like some gentle conversation best;
his needling's rather rough upon my neck,
although I'm used to skewering; he'll have to learn.
The old one puts the ego's divots back,
and part of me tries to pay attention
to how the world gets on, to be polite.

Richard Lloyd-Jones

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUST

Dust from the bomb sites, where the children
exploring
Their new Pompeii as the morning sky
Is ripped open by jets, settles. The warning is
unheard,
The sky is scaled again. Among the nettles
With sticks and rubber guns the children play.

Over the disused shelter a blackbird
Radiates fond certainty, and for the nature lover
Beauty is after all supreme. His music has
weathered
So much catastrophe, why should we now imagine
Such urgent song augurs the long night in?

Why should we now imagine? Cement on the
building sites
Is still indisputably solid, the world we built on
stone
Shows no signs of falling, the rivers flow between
concrete
And rows of stunted trees cut back too soon.
Only the microscope's eye sees in slow motion
The rotting marrow unthread the skeleton.

What can we do but warn? It is not war
That will murder our unborn heirs nor
governments
That cloud their helpless future. Partly the terror
Decays us, mainly the dust, ceaseless and silent,
That chokes the fresh springs, seals the redundant
treaties, slowly
Annihilates a world by accident.

Christopher Levenson

of obedience from his children, willing to forget how many years it had been since he had received his due.

After the pies, there was cherry latticed in inch-wide strips and double-crusted rhubarb, Bertie, as juicy and round in flesh as her sister was dried and lean, her hair short in a singed, store-bought permanent wave, got up to go. Of the twins, she had been born second. The fifteen-minute delay had made her sickly, weak, prone to headaches. She took naps and stayed out of the sun, had a colored girl to clean the house and cook for the two of them, her and Gay, the banker husband who had come from the farm and done right well in Boggy Depot so that she belonged to the Women's Club and carried her head a mite higher, her nose a trifle wrinkly, as she walked thru town.

You sure you don't mind now?

You go along.

Sary never minded. All she wanted was for Bertie to get her nap so she wouldn't get sick. She couldn't bear it if Bertie got sick or cried, she was more of another child than a sister.

I'm not going back out this afternoon, she decided. Susie can help me here and walk out later with some lemonade for the men.

JT snorted, not for his sister's staying behind—being a girl she had both sides of the work coin depending upon what was wanted—but for Bertie's frailty which was, likely as not, to sheer off at the bank with her first stop to tell Gay that Cole was home and vanish completely at the dry goods with Charlie Bronson's wife, Now that Sary's got the farm in shape he thinks he'll come on home and take over, and into her own house and telephone, wasn't Betty Hines the operator one of her best friends? so the lines would be tied up all afternoon while they gossiped.

Uncle Gay might as well stay off, JT thought, looking at his plucked and skinny father piling the last of the preserves steadily on a thick slab of whole-wheat. Pa hasn't brought him his money. Since the bank wouldn't loan him so much as a blotter, Gay had made him a personal loan and six months later he'd high-tailed it off. Well, he'd be helling out now to see what Cole had on him, carrying on with an easy transfer from his Sunday after-dinner asking, regular as taxes, first for a toothpick and then for the money off JT who'd be drawn and quartered, salted, peppered, floured and deep-fried before he'd pay off the old man's debts, having without any title except the mad hope that his father was gone for good helped his Ma work the land during his absence. Blood and sweat. Spit and piss. Draining every drop into new machinery and seed, maintenance and pride.

Blabbermouth, he called her and let her go at that, sparing his Ma's feelings, as Bertie drove off in her Buick bouncing the fat pillows to the sky over the dried-up ruts, and he and Sam climbed in the pickup, not asking Pa if he were coming. He wasn't. The girl began to clear the table, worrying in her mind over her father's return, touching at his presence, leaving it and coming back, chewing at it like a dog with a bone pocketed by marrow almost and not quite inaccessible to his tongue, for what if he didn't want her in the fields, what if he wanted her doing a woman's work, the cleaning ,the washing, canning, baking, what, oh God, if he wanted her in out of the sun and the sky and the smells of the hay? Because she was sixteen, too brown and bleached and muscular, old enough to guard her complexion, to practice woman's skills against the day when she'd make of her own partnership the sheltered one.

Bertie's still flaunting her fancy ruby, ain't she.

She's a right to, Sary answered serenely. It's pretty grand.

That woman was spoiled rotten. He leaned back in his chair, consciously digesting, working an air belch up from his belly, now puffed and solid as a full ripe melon, until it came in a dragged-out rumble he punctuated with a plug of tobacco from a flat pocket in his jeans, all the while watching his wife because she hadn't let him chew in the house before but this time did no more than glance at him from across the room and pour a kettle of hot water into the enamel pan in the sink, shaking the soap chip container back and forth, back and forth, until the water sudsed up and she slid glasses and flatware into it, the plates, serving dishes and pans,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all afterwards to be scalded from the boiling kettle, dried and put away by Susie while he cranked himself into the parlor and on to the sofa, fixing to sleep off his meal comfortably with his feet up and the worn-out boots off. His settling down was enough; when he reached for the knotted string laces Sary had a basin of water and a bar of soap and was after him to follow her out on the porch.

Her sofa be damned, pink peonies and all, he was not moving another step.

Get away with your basin! Com'mon now, leave me be.

She was opening her mouth, there was no better time for letting him know where he stood in her clean house that he had left of his own free will, three long years before, when the squirt came and a liquid thud. There was his chaw spit square in the middle of the flowered parlor rug and her face blank with surprise, complaints shocked out of her like loose bowels, so that she stood there empty for a long moment, looking at that set jaw until the vision of another will crowded her eyes with a new, unknown force and she slipped slowly down on her knees, picked up one of his naked feet and put it, without saying a word, into the basin she'd set down by the couch. He let it be and she went to work with a rag, scrubbing and soaping, working the toes over one by one, and when the time came, he changed feet for her without splashing or kicking so that when he heisted his legs up at last they were clean and dry on the fancy cover and before he closed his eyes to sleep, her voice came unaccustomed soft and sweet with the straight-forward question.

You fixing to stay a while, Coley?

This is my home, ain't it? He looked at her, pretending it was settled long since. I'm fixing to stay.

He turned his face over to the plush peonies on the soft back and closed his eyes while Sary, moving in silent jerks, cleaned the tobacco juice off the carpet, poured the soapy leavings over the doorstep, and went to her ironing.

When the last pan was in the cupboard, Susie squeezed lemons and filled the water jug with sour lemonade for the haying crew. The old jug dangled by its metal handle, its covering wood broken off so that when she carried it filled the weight made a flesh rut in her palm. Dry heat flamed in a desiccated lick across the blue. Disturbed by her bare feet, a fine silken dust floated underfoot. In the shade of the barn Bug was dropping pointed stones in his spit bottle. She parked him on one hip and took him along. He could play by the crick while they worked.

Books

NAPLES ON FOOT

A Last Lamp Burning. Gwyn Griffin. Putnam, New York, 1965. 512 pp. 6.95.

A wealthy, eccentric old bachelor dies on the Adriatic coast; a young undertaker's assistant, driving the body back to Naples, stops on a lonely beach for a cooling swim. Thus simply begins the complex, absorbing story of the people affected by the death of Ercole Sanbrenedetto.

With the deft assurance of a master story-teller, the author ranges widely over the teeming city, breathing life into apparently disparate characters—Gennaro, the part-Chinese hearse driver, and his friends and neighbors of a Naples slum; the Colavolpe family, horrific remnants of nobility; De Santis, scheming, wealthy industrialist; middle-class Beppo, stupidly sure of his inheritance; Valdemarin, vengeful policeman; soldiers, students, racketeers.

Page by page, as the author skillfully unfolds the inter-related pattern of their lives, the reader becomes more involved with these people, their hopes and fears, their struggle for existence in a rapidly changing world. The indomitable spirit of the Neapolitan is apparent in all, as they seek, each in his own way, to grapple with forces they cannot control. Gennaro tries desperately to remain independent by carrying on his grandfather's business, while more and more of his friends sell themselves into the slavery of the new paternalistic industry, or join the Communists. The Colavolpes continue their degenerate ways to inevitable self-destruction through murder of their only hope, the young Galo. Valdemarin and Nicola seek vengeance for their tragedy; Nicola finds love, loses it, and both he and his father attain peace of a sort. Greedy De Santis, hoping to profit by Ercole's death, seeks yet more gain by an unusual experiment: removing water from the washrooms in the plant. He waits in vain for complaint from the Neapolitan workers.

Violence and shock abound, as do greed, passion, lust, but this writer sees life whole and presents it thus, without overemphasis on any one aspect. You will not like all his people, but you will not forget them.

There is no subtlety or ambiguity here. This is a straightforward, fast-paced and hard-hitting novel, a Putnam Award winner that lives up to its guarantee of reader satisfaction.

Mary Byerly

NOT FOR THE SILLIES

In Praise of Older Women. Stephen Vizinczey. N.Y., Trident Press, 1966. 183 pp. $4.95.

Andras Vajda, at a tender age, dreamed of the ideal life—"being a Franciscan monk with a harem of forty-year-old women." His childhood in Hungary was an idyll; he was petted and loved by his mother's friends,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose affection he exuberantly requited. The *piece de resistance* was Aunt Alice, "a slightly plump, big-breasted blonde, with an absoultely fantastic perfume and a round, beautiful face. She used to pick me up and look into my eyes with mock anger and some coquettishness . . . admonishing me in a stern-soft voice: 'You're after my breasts, you devil!' "

Andras was born the year that Hitler came to power, and before his twelfth birthday, was serving as a pimp for Hungarian prostitutes in an American army camp near Salzburg. His return to the schoolboy's life was traumatic—no more friends of Mamma's to fondle and be fondled by; "no more prostitutes to contemplate. I had to face the teenage girls." Andras remembers his encounters with young girls as calamitous. In sufferance, like all earnest students "whose minds dwell only upon Important Matters and rape," at last he becomes a lover—of Maya, whose face had "the fine lines of her forty some years." After Maya dismisses him, there are others, among them Boby ("On Taking It Easy"), Nusi ("On Mothers of Little Children"), and Paola ("On Happiness With a Frigid Woman"). For each of them Andras has the ardent attentiveness of the wholly dedicated lover. The European lover. For in Europe the perfect joys are sought in the relationship between older mistress and young man; but in America, the young couple is glorified. "The young North American aspires to be a pioneer in love and pursues the virgin, while the European tends to value . . . traditions and hopes to enrich himself with the wisdom and sensibility of the past."

Youth and maturity become ever more alienated from one another. (We have the inverted, far less serious argument presented in *Lolita.*) It is Andras' hope that his amorous recollections might "bring about a better understanding of the truth that men and women are created equal regardless of their dates of birth." The hope is, alas, a vain one, or so it seems. In America, young girls of both sexes and all ages are as uninterested in these delights as were most of their fathers. And the "older woman," for whom sexal identity is bondage, is as unloving as she is unlovely. We see her more clearly as vampire or witch, a devourer whose destructive powers rival those of Siva; or as a she-dragon, breathing fiery, if thin puffs of intellectual smoke, cultivating a variety of professional gardens. Such disfigurement! Andras might say. Such an abuse of native gifts and powers!

This is an enchanting book. Not for the sillies.

A. Farrell Borenstein

SONS OF GLONSKI

The Firebugs, Peter Faecke. Translated by Arnold J. Pomerans. Knopf, New York, 1966. 141 pp. $3.95.

In his early twenties, Pnip discovers that he is not what he has believed himself to be but is the son of Glonski, a Pole, who understandably suffers life-long peculiarities after having had his face shoved repeatedly into a fresh cowpie by his German schoolmates. The hate and corruption and warped minds which flower out of this culminate in rape, arson and murder. This is a very large order for such a few pages.

Although racial and national animosities fester everywhere, even the most sympathetic novel reader must get provoked with the author's deliberate obscurity in such a brief novel about Pnip and the people around him.

The Firebugs is a first novel by a twenty-three-year-old German. Told by an unidentified narrator in a jumble of present, past and the score of intervening years, this confusing device was surely adopted to create mystery and suspense. In this reader they created irritation. Faecke wrote passages which are vivid and moving but they were put together with little or no respect for the patience of the reader. A more conventional second novel would be a truer test of his potential.

Aside from a minor aggravation (there are no indentations for paragraphs), Knopf has produced a physically attractive books just as this firm is expected to do. Not recommended to the general reader.

Marshall F. Foch

NOBODY NOTICES ME

The Diary of a Rapist, Evan S. Connell, Jr. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1966. 252 pp. $4.95.

"January 1 — Last night Bianca shook me awake and told me to stop grinding my teeth. Nothing gives her more satisfaction than to humilitate me." Such is the first entry in Earl Summerfield's diary. At 26, Earl has always been dominated by women: Aunt Ollie who raised him, his masculine and indifferent wife Bianca who is 33 and seven years older that Earl, and by women supervisors at the Unemployment Bureau where he works. Earl spends his time daydreaming, hating authority, and loathing women and sex. He records his secret self in his well-guarded journal.

The Diary of a Rapist is composed of daily entries for an entire year. In his own way, Earl Summerfield characterizes all with whom he comes in contact—wife, supervisors, fellow employees, and, in addition, he records his own sick self in his attitudes toward the world in general, women and sex, and individual, unknown women symbolic of his progressively developing illness.

Each added entry involves a reader more deeply with the tortured mind and warped drives of a menace to himself and to society.

> "February 15—News report tonight says some divorcee in San Rafael woke up early this morning and saw a man standing beside her bed with a stocking cap mask over his face."
> "March 8—Sandifer, Welsh and Johnson executed. Lesso reprieved because of some sort of technicality . . . How many years were they on Death Row? . . . I'm glad they're dead."
> "March 14—Looks like I was right again. Another one today. Lewd photos of a 14-year-old girl. What sluts they are!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These three excerpts highlight recurrent themes but they are not the only ones, interspersed are Earl's unhappy days at the Bureau where he unrealistically dreams of promotions, entire entries devoted to his passionate loathing for war and violence and greed, through it all are hints of his strange relationship with Mara St. Johns the beauty queen who becomes the focal point for Earl's unfullfilled sex drives and for his hate unleashed.

Night prowling, house-breaking, assault, obscene telephone calls, visits to churches: hints, fragments, chaotic components of a chaotic personality.

> "May 8—Nobody notices me. I'm undistinguishable . . . How long has it been since anyone's seen me? Years, I guess."

Evan Connell probes deeply with precision but also sympathy. He writes convincingly, antiseptically, and without tilting the scales. *The Diary of a Rapist* is more enlightening than almost all case histories recorded with clinical impersonality by experts in appropriate fields. This novel should be required reading for all who deals with mental illness, for criminologists and penologists, sociologists, etc. It is also a morbid absorbing novel which fills a reader with anxious urgency awaiting the help one knows will never come in time to save Earl Summerfield.

Arlington K. Brough

NO ESCAPE

The Theory of American Literature. Howard Mumford Jones. Cornell University Press, 1948, 1965.

"A country that produces *Tropic of Cancer* and *Candy* as a kind of equivalent of the fiction of Celine would seem to have given up pretending to a special moral or aesthetic or intellectual virtue of its own."

This final sentence of Mumford's *The Theory of American Literature* indicates both the sentence of the original edition of the work in 1948 and the point of view established in the additions to the work in the 1965 edition. The additions take note of the fact that "an astonishing revolution has occurred in writings about Americtn literature" since 1948. The importance of American literature is now assumed, not argued. Questions of nationalism have disappeared. What makes American literature specifically American is a question left to the London Times to discuss. It no longer interests the American critic. The literary historian, as a consequence of the revolution, has to justify an effort to analyze American literature as the "product of the unique experience of a people living in a representative republic." Mumford accordingly argues that there is still a place for literary history in an age devoted to criticism; that "in an age of psychology" the platitude, "you cannot escape history," still holds true; that those critics who revolt against literary history nevertheless use history, but use it with disastrous results for both history and criticism since they distort history by "private and whimsical views of the past." "When criticism grows subjective, history becomes one-sided."

A major effort of Mumford is therefore, to establish the necessity for the coming together of critics and historians in pursuit of a common goal. "We cannot escape responsibility for the conduct of literature in a democracy so sorely beset as our own." "The problem of 'Americanism' in literature is no longer the simple cry: 'Come out of Europe to be saved'; the problem of the American way of life has become a pressing need for the constant reinterpretation of American cultural values in terms that shall be at once simple enough to be understood and philosophic enough to stand up against pressure from without and reaction from within." The New Criticism, Freudian, Jungian, and post-Freudian psychology, symbolism, myth — these critical approaches so far have not contributed to "a perdurable theory of American literature."

We have as a nation, Mumford holds, "been a huge laboratory experiment in the making of a national literature in modern times." To interpret the meaning of the experiment is the task of historian and critic alike, "else we shall march farther along the road to Byzantium than most educated Americans care to go."

Winifred M. Van Etten

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST: ENCORE

The Sum and Total of Now, Don Robertson. Putnam, New York, 1966. 252 pp. $4.95.

Morris Bird III is back. Now it is 1948 and this appealing lad who was introduced as a nine-year old in *The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread* is thirteen and fighting adolescence with pushups and deep knee bends and by clutching the headboard of his bedstead.

Against a realistic background of authentic baseball events, newsworthy incidents, and neighborhood shenanigans, irascible life confronts and perplexes Morris Bird III: his beloved Grandmother is dying of cancer. While Grandmother writhes in pain in the upstairs bedroom, and, because she knows he loves her, pleads with Morris to give her an overdose of painkiller, her crafty, callous children sit in the kitchen below bickering and bartering for the possessions which will be theirs when Grandmother completes the painful, prolonged business of dying.

Appalled by his relatives, and most of all by his greedy mother, Morris Bird III resolves the problems in his forthright way.

The Sum and Total of Now is an appropriate sequel to the earlier novel. The minor characters, particularly those Morris meets while making his train trip, are deftly sketched and a reader can believe they have lives of their own. Recommended to all who enjoy a simple story well told.

Bernard E. Richardson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITHIN THE SPACIOUS CIRCLE

The Waltz Invention: A play in three acts, Vladimir Nabakov. Phaedra, New York, 1966. 111 pp. $4.95.

Despair, Vladimir Nabakov. Putnam's, New York, 1966. 222 pp. $5.00.

Both of these books were published first in Russian language reviews in Paris in the thirties: *Despair* in 1934 and *The Waltz Invention* in 1938.

The Waltz Invention must be even more disturbing today than it was to its readers almost thirty years ago. Mr. Waltz appears at a seat of of government with an incredible weapon of destruction, "two rays, or waves have been discovered which, upon intersecting, cause an explosion one mile in radius . . .").

Devastatingly simple lines and situations expose the idiocy of the Prime Minister and all those who surround him. After demonstrations which demolish four enormous works of nature (an island, a mountain, a swamp. and a desert), Waltz gains control of the government.

> "Once mankind is accustomed to the thought
> That in six days I can destroy the world,
> You can live free within the spacious circle
> That hems you in, and there devote yourselves
> To Arts and crafts, to science and romance . . . ,"

so Waltz proclaims his program. One thing in Nabakov's new introduction disturbs even after a re-reading.

> "If, from the first, the action of the play is absurd, it is because this is the way the mad Waltz—*before* the play starts—imagines it is going to be, while he waits outside, in a viking-style armchair—imagines the interview he has managed to wangle through old Gump and its fabulous consequences; an interview which in reality he has granted only in the last scene of the last act."

Neither text nor action of the play provide a reader (or viewer) of *The Waltz Invention* with a single clue that this is so; if it is fact, only the author could know it.

To divulge the outcome would be unfair. Nabakov was as clever and inventive in the thirties as in 1966, his use of words as precise, his commentary as valid.

Hermann Karlovich, narrator of *Despair,* is the son of a German father and a Russian mother. He lives in Berlin in the early thirties with his Russian wife Lydia; her artist cousin Ardalion frequents their home and intrudes into their lives.

On one of his trips in connection with his failing chocolate business, Hermann encounters Felix and decides that this itinerant working man bears an identical resemblance to himself. *Despair* is the murder-mystery story of Hermann's effort to defraud the insurance company, rid his life of the business and of Ardalion, and to live the remainder of it in quiet luxury. These are the bare bones of the story.

Through Nabakov's marvellous characterization and rich prose, Hermann emerges as a typically inept murderer and as a memorable individual blinded by his own desires. Having a distinctly more Russian flavor than most of his works, *Despair* will be welcomed by all Nabakov readers.

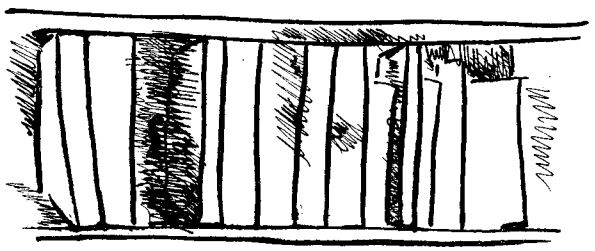
Bertram Root

COMMITMENT

The New Student Left, Mitchell Cohen and Dennis Hale, eds., Beacon Press, Boston, 1966. 288 pp. $4.95.

This book is a collection of selected essays about a newly emerging social-political phenomenon. What makes this book unique is that the essays are written and edited by some of the very students who consider themselves members of the "New Student Left." Cohen and Hale, the editors of *The New Student Left,* are students at Oberlin College where they also edit *The Activist,* a student-owned magazine. They are members of the Students for a Democratic Society; both have been involved in the activities of the Congress of Racial Equality and of the Oberlin chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The student contributors originally submitted their essays to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the Students for a Democratic Society, the Northern Student Movement, the Free Speech Movement, and to some independent magazines. The essays pertain to the period from 1959 to 1965.

The essays treat alleged inadequacies of the present liberal establishment and middle class society in solving important current social problems, race and poverty in American politics, and campus revolt against the bureacratic and mechanized student life found in the modern university. These student essayists take the reader through fascinating personal accounts of the Freedom Rides, of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in action in McComb and Montgomery, Alabama, of the student participation in a mechanics' strike in Madison, Wisconsin, of the student help for the unemployed in Chicago, of the highly publicized and controversial student movement for free speech at Berkeley, California. This book, indeed, involves the reader in a student world, unlike any described before.



One finds in this book that the students of the "New Left" are avowed activists. In place of representative democratic and common legal processes, they advocate and use participatory democracy, consensus politics, insurgent movements, and nonviolence to achieve their goals. Indeed, these new leftists vociferously regard "the right to participate as citizens in a democratic society" as basic to their "movement." Furthermore, according to these students, "America is becoming ever more the utopia of sterilized, automated contentment. The 'futures' and 'careers' for which American students now prepare are for the most part intellectual and moral wastelands." Utopian in thought and vision—"If we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appear to seek the unattainable as it has been said, then let it be known that we do so to avoid the unimaginable."—the "New Student Left" is full of hope and idealism. Actually, these students are striving for the creation of a new society in which men live in brotherhood, nonviolence, and freedom. They will have none of the materialism and paternalism of the "Great Society."

This book is not academic, nor difficult reading. Generally, those essays which attempt abstract analyses do not succeed. Those which are descriptive of student action and temperament are eloquent, expressive, and interspersed with relevant insights. Many of the essays, however, are redundant. The editorial treatment of the essays is not balanced and certainly incomplete in scope because essays reflecting student attitudes toward war, peace, and foreign policy are absent. Nor does the book clearly establish what the "New Student Left" is other than a name attributable to students or student groups who have participated in unique student "movements." Despite these weaknesses, the book is worth some time and serious consideration because it attempts from a student point of view to describe and evaluate the new, real, and growing commitment to social and political activism on the part of some American students.

Ray Shoemaker

THE FROLICSOME X's AND Y's

Myths of Creation. Philip Freund. New York, Washington Square Press, Inc., 1965. 304 pp. $4.95.

In the beginning . . . with these beautiful, terrifying words, Man unfolds the creation myth. Out of the dreams woven by the gods, these motifs recur: The universe and its creatures arose from a Watery Birth (it is said in the Finnish *Kalevala* that the Water-Mother will conceive in a primeval sea); or from a Golden Egg (as the creation god of India's lore, Prajapati, emerges from the golden cosmic egg); or from the slain, dismembered body of a monster or a god (as told in the *Edda,* and by the Indo-Chinese, by the Kabyles and Yoruba of Africa, and in the Sumerian story of the "most unworldly self-sacrifice of Marduk"). Or we were formed through the Mating of the Gods (a theme in Egyptian, Greek and Oceanian mythology); or by an Edict, as the Mayans believed, and as it is revealed to us in the Hebrew *Genesis.*

Is mythology art? Or philosophy? Or primitive science, as those of the Naturalist School understand it? Or literal History—explanations of actual events (Lissner), or commentaries on the meaning of ritual (Frazer)? Or are myths race memory (Freud), or a means of maintaining social solidarity (Durkheim and Malinowski)? In one of his novels, *The Volcano God,* Philip Freund created an anthropologist who was a collector of creation myths. The book, he says, "outraged some of the more conservative critics." In this work, as a poet and novelist, Freund ponders the meaning of myth from many viewpoints, among them that of Jungian psychology, with its "primordial images"; of Fromm's "symbolic language"; and of Kerenyi's idea that through these primordial images, "the world itself enters man's unconscious and is revealed to him." Why, he asks, "should a Polynesian have a legend which is almost exactly like one told by a Nordic nomad, or a Brazilian Indian repeat a tale much like that of an Eskimo?" And he finds, in an astute and sensitive handling of totemism, of the theory of evolution, of Bondi and Gold's Continuous Creation hypothesis, of Hubble's faith in the expanding universe, that the quest is endless. The story of original sin, of Adam and Eve, has its roots in Persian and Vedic lore. And a "mathematician, in his Cambridge laboratory, seems to have the same ineluctable thought processes as the ancient mythmaker . . . The story of creation is obstinately always the same." Long before Anaximander, and long, long after Darwin, the motifs return, and the primordial images re-appear. Always they are intense, and radiant, and compelling.

Prehistoric man knew, the ancients knew the sentience of the universe. Have we forgotten? "It has been excellently said that the x's and y's of science are, in essence, the frolicsome Greek gods and goddesses in their latest disguise." How shall the scientist phrase his invocation to the Muse, as poets and philosophers do? For She is the same Muse, and She is eternal.

A. Farrell Borenstein

MURDER GALORE

The Heat's On. Chester Himes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1966. 220 pp. $4.95.

Two negro detectives with the improbable names Coffin Ed Johnson and Grave Digger Jones bump heads with narcotics racket. Result: a wild chase through the alleys and tenements of New York; murder galore. Himes has yet to develop McBain's finesse.

W. A. Stoppel

THE ENEMY

Ofay, Earl Shorris. Delacorte Press, New York, 1966. 240 pp. $4.50

John Mordin loved Negroes. Watching the crowd of mourners in Chicago on the day of Emmett Till's funeral, John decided to quit his job as a reporter with its future of "marrige and mortgage, a better-paying job in public relations, two cars, three kids and the orthodontist." Because he cared with all his being for Negroes, Josh's love led him to the worst slum area in St. Louis to *become* a Negro, to *become* one to enable him to help them.

Living in the poverty and squalor of Negro tenements, John works at a low-paid, manual job. Drunks, pimps, whores, and junkies are his associates, grinding poverty and the dead weight of fatalistic hopelessness his constant companions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jimmy, an intelligent and friendly Negro, works with John, befriends him, guides him deep into the ghetto life, introduces him to Beatrice, the lovely Honey Bee who is a Negro social worker.

John falls in love with Honey Bee. The climax is stark, startling and credible. Earl Shorris has an excellent ear. The dialogue is smooth, believable and informative.

Josh asks, "Why the hell are you so cynical?"

"Because I am black," Jimmy replies.

Ofay dramatically articulates a fact which is usually only hinted at and brushed aside: the White is the enemy. Highly recommended.

Alex Paul

RUNG BY RUNG

Modern Masterpieces of Science Fiction, Edited by Sam Moskowitz. World Publishing Co., Cleveland & New York, 1965. 518 pp. $6.00.

These twenty-one stories vary greatly in concept, technique, readability, and, most importantly, in the pleasure they give. Even a science-fiction buff will find most of the early efforts included here to be unsatisfying. They are weak in characterization, the dialogue is embarrassing, the plots far out and depending upon pseudo-scientific jargon to mystify.

Sam Moskowitz has written a twenty-page introduction which explains his theory of the development of contemporary science-fiction. The examples support his contentions. The final stories by such familiar names as Bradbury, Simak, von Vogt, Asimov, and Arthur C. Clarke support his assertion that sensitive, skilled craftsmen now write what happens to be science-fiction. Moskowitz writes, "Philip José Farmer, in his legitimte use of Freud and sex, turns in a stunning work of symbolism and entertainment in *Mother.*" This is accurate, *Mother* is superlative, a fitting capstone to a book easy to recommend to students of the development of the modern science-fiction story.

Armarius

PEEP SHOW

The Magus, John Fowles. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1965. 582 pp. $7.95.

Nicholas Urfe, son of an army man, product of British public schools and Oxford, idle, unmotivated, and capable of caring only for himself, takes a position as a teacher in a school on an isolated Greek island to escape boredom in England and the binding ties of a love affair he wants ended. On the island, Urfe meets a strange old man called Conchis and experiences weird and terrifying happenings at Conchis' secluded home. Conchis narrates the story of his life in England, France, Scandanavia, South America, in fact, in the world from the turn of the century to the present. A brilliant actor, a fabulously wealthy business man, an ornithologist of note, a spell-binding story-teller, a hero (or anti-hero) of local island history in World War II, Conchis is entertainingly unbelievable as Fowles intended. Conchis manipulates Urfe to and through a mind-shaking summer of horror and pleasure.

Fowles is clever, marvellously inventive, and wonderfully adept at characterization as readers of *The Collector* know. A leisurely reading of this long novel might might well tend to pall. I recommend that it be devoured in massive gulps to avoid that possibility. I think Fowles is saying that only from the shattered emptiness of a totally examined life can a man even hope to be aware of what he is or to live.

The Magus is a voyeur's peek at a sick world.

Amarius

NOTES FOR A NOVEL

Let Noon Be Fair, Willard Motley. Putnam, New York, 1966. 416pp. $5.95.

A bald indictment of the corruption of a primitive Mexican seaside village by the international idle rich and dilettante-arty group, *Let Noon Be Fair* states its case in unrelieved blacks and whites: rich or idle Americans are evil, simple, poor Mexicans are good. The premise that Americans and wealth corrupted the village and its inhabitants is not demonstrated by the book. Almost all of the Mexican characters Motley used were tinged with evil and corruption before the influx. More money merely enabled more flambouyant sex, more partners, more drinks, and greater variety. Without the author's intention, time is confused, transitions do not exist, hosts of characters are mere types, the writing is choppy, the action spastically episodic. The kindest thing to be said for *Let Noon Be Fair* must be that it is unfortunate that Willard Motley did not live to work on these notes for a novel.

Armarius

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOWN THE DRAIN

I'm sure you've noticed all the bald men. Some are totally bald (not many), most are partly bald, but the majority are in a state of "creeping baldness." You have also noticed, I'm sure, the great variety of patterns created on the bald head — the fringe, the exaggerated widow's peak, and so forth. Well, that's another subject — the aesthetics of baldness.

Considering the magnitude of the phenomenon (baldness), a vast amount of hair is disappearing from the heads of men all over this country — all over the world, for that matter. Well, where does it go? A man doesn't suddenly wake up one morning, run his hand through his scalp and say, "Oh my — I'm bald!" It doesn't happen that way at all. I know, because I am suffering from creeping baldness.

Now you face it. You are slowly going bald. You begin to look at the bald men around you, heads in various states of undress, and for the first time you look at a stranger with compassion. You also try to envision yourself as bald. It is impossible. You would simply not be *you* without a good, full head of hair. You would look slightly ridiculous, like — (fill in the name of any victim you know). So you go home and begin the regular routine — morning and night — of vigorously massaging that sluggish scalp. At first, hundreds of fine hairs come flying out of your scalp like soldiers at reveille. Mostly they cling to your fingers, although many fall into the basin. (It is usually best to perform the treatment over a wash basin.) You wipe them off your fingers with a tissue, and wipe them out of the basin too. Then you throw the tissue into the garbage bag, or flush it down the toilet.

So there you have the first positive evidence of where the hair goes.

You continue the treatment and notice that no matter how vigorously you attack your scalp, it is still quite willing to give up hundreds of hairs — lovely hairs that would have been much happier right where they were, on top of your head. You begin to notice your hair brush — filled with dead hairs lying like so many cadavers among the bristles. You give the brush a good cleaning and gather up the hairs with a tissue and flush it. You then try a good stiff hair-brushing, along with the finger massage.

You begin to realize that chemical warfare will be necessary in fighting this battle (you are actually recalling your barber's advice to get at the dandruff problem), so you visit your druggist and purchase one of the dandruff destroyers, something green, or pink, or blue, or with a miracle agent. Somehow you will make your choice of weapon. You will go home with it. You will use it. The dandruff will disappear for three or four days and return with almost as much regularity as the commercial that originally sold you on it. You continue to massage, and the hairs continue to cling to your fingers. And you flush them away.

Once you discover that massage and chemical warfare are not working (actually, you never quite give up hope), you return to psychology. You seek out men who are more bald than you are. You tell yourself that you have many years to go before you look like *that*. You imagine that the disease might stop in its course and leave your hairline in an interesting configuration that will add interest to your face, perhaps make you look even more distinguished. You study different types of baldness and choose a style that suits you best.

Of course, this psychological phase has its limitations and is not entirely without pain. You find yourself looking at the full, thick hair of other men and feeling pangs of envy. It is never anything stronger than that. You realize that it could have happened to him — and still may. It is that second possibility that gives you some consolation. But when you see an old man with that silky gray hair standing gloriously on his head like a banner — a man who cannot be more than five or ten years from the grave — then you are absolutely beyond envy. You experience a kind of awe, and you may even want to fall at his feet, as before a shrine. You may be tempted to ask him how he managed to retain so much hair; but don't do it. He will tell you that he never massaged his scalp and always shampooed his hair with ordinary soap, and besides that, he smoked a cigar a day and drank a fifth of scotch. So let me warn you — during the psychological stage it is foolhardy and even potentially dangerous to ask such a man for his secrets.

I suppose I should summarize at this point: The hairs are picked up from the fingers, raked out of brushes, and collected from drainage cups in various basins around the house. The majority are flushed away down the toilet. So what you must imagine is a vast and continuous stream of billions — well, countless — hairs flowing out to lakes and rivers and oceans.

Allan J. Wagenheim

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subscription Department
The North American Review
Mount Vernon, Iowa

Enclose $6.00 for each subscription to The North American Review. (Six Issues)

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State..... Zip #.....

Subscription Department
The North American Review
Mount Vernon, Iowa

Enclose $6.00 for each subscription to The North American Review. (Six Issues)

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State..... Zip #.....

Subscription Department
The North American Review
Mount Vernon, Iowa

Enclose $6.00 for each subscription to The North American Review. (Six Issues)

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State..... Zip #.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Con't. from Inside Front Cover)

The poems by ROBERT MEZEY which appeared in this issue are from his new book, *White Blossoms,* available from The Cummington Press in West Branch, Iowa. His first volume, *The Lovemaker* (Cummington), won the Lamont Award for 1960.

A graduate of SMU and a present student of voice in New York, FRANCIS MURRAY is on the staff of a business magazine. His work has appeared in such magazines as the *Saturday Review* and this is the second appearance of his work in NAR.

Literary man-about-town and *bon vivant,* RAY PUECHNER lives in Milwaukee and is editor of *Literary Times.*

E. S. ROCK, former editor and teacher, now lives in Sunnyvale, California and writes full-time.

ELI SIEGEL is the author of *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana,* the title poem of which won the annual poetry award given by The Nation in 1925. He lives in New York, where he teaches the philosophy of Aesthetic Realism.

WARREN SLESINGER attends Ingmar Bergman films in Pewaukee, Wisconsin, and is employed by Holt, Reinhart and Winston. His poems have appeared in the *Northwest Review, Beloit Poetry Journal* and elsewhere.

DAVID M. WIDENER, born in 1938 in Los Angeles, has been a truss fitter, dance instructor, truck driver, and "pig boy" for the *Hollywood Citizen News.* He served with the 8th Army in Korea, is currently a full-time janitor, and will become a college teacher in the fall.

ALLAN J. WAGENHEIM teaches English at Eastern Illinois University.

Prose and poetry by CHARLES WRIGHT have appeared in NAR several times.

Reviewers: MARY BYERLY, A. FARRELL BORENSTIEN, MARSHALL F. FOCH, ARLINGTON K. BROUGH, WINIFRED VAN ETTEN, BERNARD E. RICHARDSON, BERTRAM ROOT, ROY SHOEMAKER, W. A. STOPPEL, ALEX PAUL, AND ARMARIUS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IUB

INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY BOOKSELLERS, Inc.

30 Irving Place, New York, N. Y. 10003

Telephone (212) 673-6220 Cables: MEIHOLM NEW YORK

Specialists
in
American and European
Scholarly Books and Periodicals

Books and Subscriptions

We supply all currently available books and serial publications to libraries and scholars. Among our customers are many of the leading universities of the U. S., the British Commonwealth and European Continent. Subscription orders from libraries all over the world are handled efficiently with special attention given to difficult to obtain material and claims.

Periodicals

We maintain a substantial stock of back issues of scholarly and scientific periodicals in all subject matters and supply complete sets, partial runs, single volumes and issues.

Librarians are invited to send us regularly lists of desiderata which are checked upon receipt.

Accumulations of duplicates and backfiles no longer required are purchased by us at favorable prices. Large collections can be inspected personally by one of our representatives.

Please write for our current catalogues and leaflets indicating your special fields of interest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED